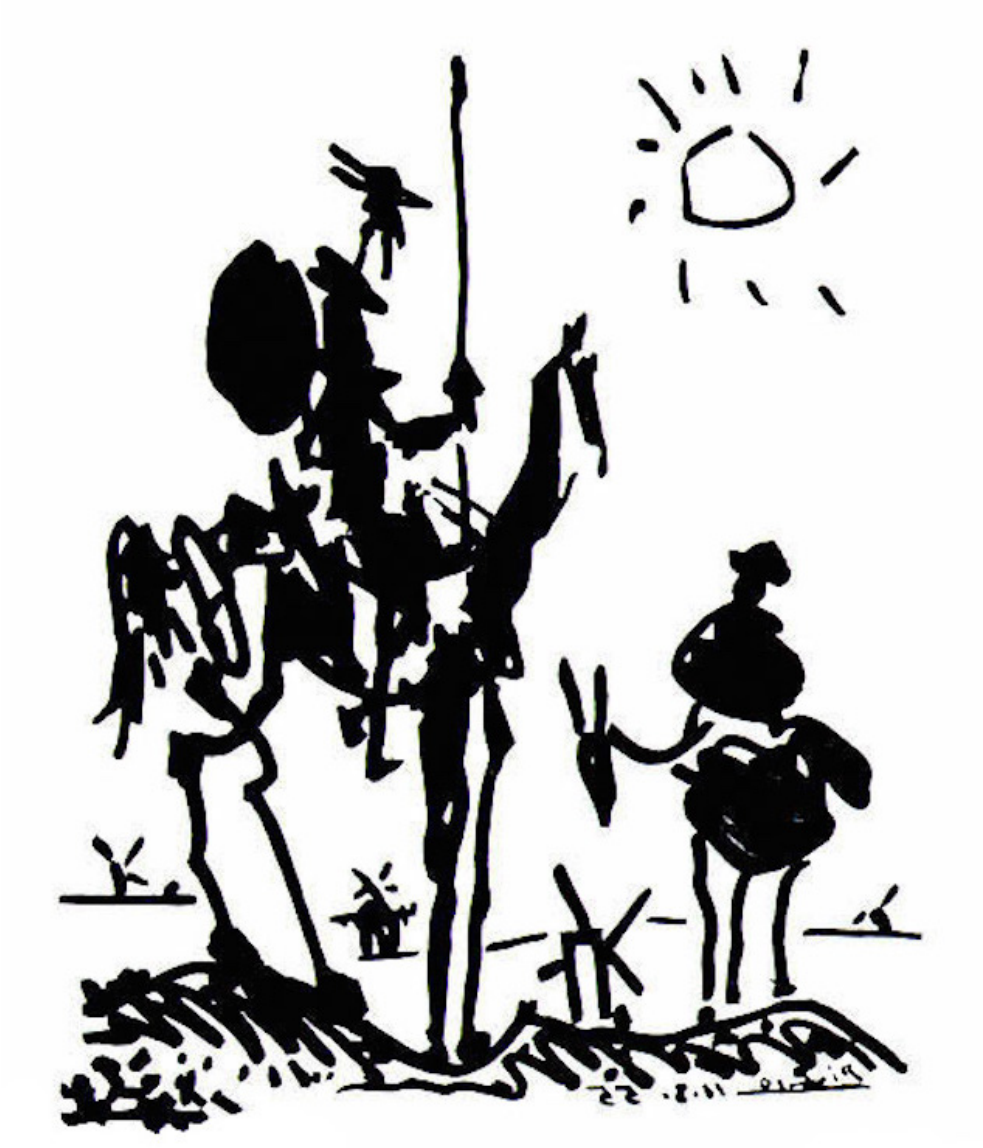
History, History & More History



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/
© Michael J. Holshouser 2021
World Rights Reserved

Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

Table of Contents

Preface … 4

The Stillness Before Time … 13

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim … 23

Breadcrumbs 2015 … 39

Breadcrumbs 2018 … 58

Breadcrumbs 2019 … 66

Breadcrumbs 2020 … 70

Breadcrumbs 2021 … 74

Breadcrumbs 2022 … 83

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond (Under Construction) … 100

The Return to Wonder … 101

Thucydides and George Orwell … 140

Stay Tuned … 141

Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on history, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor

miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: History, historical, histories, historian, story, narration, chronicle, tale, legend, fairytale, anecdote, yarn, rumor, hearsay, gossip.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationimaginationandmoreimagination.pdf

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mysterymysteryandmoremystery.pdf

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/patternspatternsandmorepatterns.pdf

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/reincarnationreincarnationandmorereincarnation.pdf

Science, Science & More Science
https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sciencescienceandmorescience.pdf

Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/titlestitlesandmoretitles.pdf

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

The Stillness Before Time

Preface

What is written here
Has been spoken, written, and lived
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes,

M

IV

All mythos, all sense of time, all sense of history,
Is nothing more than the make-believe of adults.

VIII

Geographic isolation has spawned a broad diversity of mythoi,
Each grappling to protect ancient beliefs, customs, and histories.
Humanity's clinging to what was, is becoming less and less viable
As the stew of a shrinking world continues to simmer in dreamtime.

IX

Why cater to something an individual or group
Said or did tens or hundreds or thousands of years ago?
History, whether personal, tribal, national, or world,
Is perhaps the greatest misery of consciousness.

XI

Claims of religious persecution are absurd, fictional paths to glory.
Countless peoples of every persuasion have suffered throughout history.
Many, perhaps most, have claimed themselves chosen by the divine.
The arrogance of collusion has always been an enticing delusion.

XV

The ancients passed on their wisdom
Through parables and analogies.
A neat trick, but one the literal-minded
Have historically taken to one extreme after another.
All the philosophical inventions contrived since the beginning of time
Have never for a moment encapsulated the ultimate nature.

XIX

Who would not like to meet and hear what was actually said by the many seers,
Before the propaganda mills of time usurped them to their own ends?
Histories have always been written and edited and rewritten
By those who won, survived, or passed by later.

XXI

You have the advantage of history
To thoroughly witness the enduring confusion
Wrought by the delusional rigidity of organized religions.
When will you wrest your sovereignty from those who would tame it?

XXIV

The fleeting window of this modern time and space
Has offered every excess, every decadence,
On a scale never before experienced
By as many in one era of history.
What have you seen and learned
But that sensory-level experience
Leaves you desolate, angry, weary,
As full of rancor and discontent as ever?
That flame of angst within, if not too deadening,
Can be a catalyst to the discernment of the unconditional.

XXVII

All humankind seems to have really gleaned from history's passing
Are endless techniques and might to ravage the garden
And its little folk with savage efficiency.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain

the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that

ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

2

Immortality is not found in the body,
Nor in the time-bound legacies of history books.
It is ever in the seamless awareness of the indivisible moment.
It is the eternal You, that peers out through the senses,
Into the dreamtime they and mind create.

* * * *

To learn from history is one thing, to allow the past to dominate the present, another.
Every generation must play the hand they are dealt, in the time they are allotted.
Your ancestors had their time, you have yours, your progeny will have theirs.
The traditions, the patterns, that worked at one point, may not in another.
To grapple with the present with a mind that is present is the highest order.

4

Our kind seems headed,
Toward an unprecedented cataclysm,
And in the grand schema of things, does it really matter?
Each of us answers that eternal question in the way we carry out our daily lives,
But it is synergistically, that the dice are cast and futures told.
So down the fated river we bob and weave,
All alone, all together,
Players in the history of mind.

* * * *

Humanity is a species fixated on the past,
On history, tradition, ritual, formula, this concept or that.
How challenging it is to view the streaming moment with fresh, clear eyes.
Our narcissistic vision is veiled by all we think we know.
We are blind to the mystery of Eden.

5

History is about individuals and all their groupings,
The synergies of every blend of cooperation and competition,
All played out on an eternal stage, indifferent to existence or extinction.

6

We may baptize the source however we please,
Envisage it any way we are inclined.
The only genuine curiosity,
Is our believing it really matters enough,
To squander the rest of history, battling over the vanity of it all.

24

Humankind has expended a great portion of its recent so-called civilized history,
Battling over the electromagnetic spectrum: wavelengths, frequencies, vibrations, light, sound.
Continuously struggling, arguing, destroying – over what is but a mere particle of the indivisible mystery,
That our sensory dwellings are capable of perceiving, in the patterning of all things manifest.
How baffling, that we have not fathomed a greater vision of our place in it all.

31

When the engines of industry cease to run,
When the cloud of technology inevitably evaporates,
When resources can no longer sustain the advantages they have fostered,
Those who are prepared for the worst, are more likely to survive.
Hoping for the best, only takes any historical epoch so far.
And at some point, Old School will ascend again.
Not a question of if, but how and when.

32

So many experiences, so much history, so much knowledge, so much blather.
Nothing more than the filter of imagination given daily reality,
Cloaking the ever-present now from its Self.

40

History is a capricious thing.
It generally only reminisces the survivors,
And in the rise and fall of all things, everyone eventually loses.
So, what does that say about the whirl,
And all its ado?

42

There is likely a fair-to-middling amount of history remaining,
For humankind to play out its ceaseless passions,
And, alas, there is not much money,
On it being very pretty.

43

What is human history but ceaseless struggle,
Over whose imagination should reign the moment.
Who was the very first to come up with the fanciful notion,
That we two-leggeds might someday, somehow, all come together,
Into one big happily-dancing-Age-of-Aquarius family?
Out-and-out balderdash, to be sure.

44

History, a bottomless grab bag,
In the vast immensity of imagination.
Nothing more than whatever comes to mind.

58

Once all memories have dissolved,
Will anything have ever really happened?
All history is but a fleeting game of make-believe.

60

History has never repeated itself.
It merely recycles the same patterns.

61

Once a placid, winding river,
The roar of the falls is now very near,
And resounding nearer each and every moment.
Who will survive the chaotic mayhem,
In the harsh rocks below?
Who will journey,
The waterway of history,
Beyond the coming Great Fall,
And what stories will their destinies tell?

* * * *

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed,
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

62

Who first came up with the idea that God was a separate deity,
And that it must be feared and worshipped and kowtowed to daily?
Who else but someone craving the usual suspects: power, fame, fortune.
And that, along with a few other trifling details, is human history in a nutshell.

68

This fleeting, ever-changing dream of time,
Is just another space between the lines,
In history books yet to be written.

69

History is full of true believers,
Who every day in so many ways,
Spin time its mind-bound way.

75

The unspeakable dogmatic vanity,
That could arise from this body of work,
Is worth yet another caution to any future readers.
History is replete with an endless array of absurdities and horrors,
From many a well-meant and harmless intention.
And to use these many thoughts,
In any way dogmatic,
Would be to entirely miss the point.

84

Today's heroes, today's villains,
Will be but food for worms in some tomorrow.
What histories they played out, what memories they inspired,
Are entirely at the whim of those with pen and paper,
And the inexplicable inclination to remember.

86

Have you ever really existed as more than a figment of imagination?
Are you really anything more than a fleeting ghost of future past?
And what is history but a rolodex of memories soon forgotten.

87

History is chock-full of potholes and pitfalls,
Into which those who follow in time,
Only occasionally sidestep,
For the very briefest of whiles.

93

In the theater of time,
The present has always been,
At the mercy of its historical context.

97

It has always been a modern world.
All history is the make-believe,
Of minds bound in time.

108

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

110

Knowledge is such endlessly piecemeal thing.
History has many faces, many flavors, many truths.
It is an arbitrary leviathan, from the first story to the last.
Only as accurate as the filters that shape it into words.

122

Words are only as enduring as there are readers.

132

History has never once repeated itself.
It is patterns that play out over and over again,
Across every time, every geography.

143

History is replete with the ideals of truth, justice, and equity for all,
Being blown asunder by the mortal tempest of me, myself, and I,
From every crook and cranny of this swirling play of stardust.

154

History is the play,
Of graven images of every sort.
Forget everything.
Be.

165

Who will be the last historian, to chronicle the human paradigm?
Who will be the last witness, to the dystopian fall of our kind?

* * * *

To hold out hope that humanity,
Will achieve some sort of utopian ideal,
Only shows how little is understood of the history,
Make-believe that it well is, into which we have all been cast.

174

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call God.

184

What a millstone any history, any memory,
To unfurling freely in the unfolding moment.

194

Once you discern all history, not just some of it, is imagined,
What is there to do but wander through it,
Wondering all the while,
At all the much ado about nothing.

200

A child has no history, no future;
Only the immediacy of the unfolding present,
To which he or she gives full attention.
Let go your world, your universe,
And rediscover your innocence.

220

Death will merely be the finale, to your unique translation of history.

* * * *

Dogma is the kool-aid of history.

222

A splinter of history, in every mind.

237

To carry history in your head, or not to carry history in your head,
Is the conscious choice between the stagnation of memory,
Or the eternal life of moment-to-moment awareness.

243

At some point, so much history, becomes so much gibberish.
Now is the time, and those who abide in the present,
Are at the forefront, at the tip of the spear,
In the epoch of human adaptation.
Learn what you are able,
From all that history has to offer,
But do not let it weigh upon the many decisions,
That will soon be required to survive civilization's unraveling.

244

If you cannot examine the cosmos in your mind,
Then your destiny is just one conditioned journey or another,
Dictated by the history, the make-believe, in which you have been steeped.

245

This time, too, will one day likely be called ancient,
Assuming anyone is still around and about,
Pondering such things historical.

247

All histories are really nothing more than selected snapshots of perception,
Permeated by the unknowable awareness of the seamless indivisibility.

250

What a mockery of accuracy,
Hollywoods, Bollywoods, Broadways,
And other entertainments so often make of history.
But then again, how accurate has any history ever really been?

255

Whatever is left of this passion play,
Is really just the scratchy record of history,
Repeating the same predictable song over and over.
Many would happily re-shape the garden into a kinder place,
But, alas, the biological imperative will out.
Ignorance is the cancer.

256

Into every account, every chronicle, every memoir, every history,
The motive, the agenda, the intention, of the writer,
Should be very carefully gauged.

266

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

268

It is history that whittles away innocence.

272

The tides of history are daily swirling stronger.

275

History is a river of anonymity.

283

History is replete with the same old regurgitation.

285

Of history, what can be said but that it is a theater of the absurd.

300

The chronicles of time are nothing more than vapor.
All history begins decaying long before it is written.

311

As seen from perhaps the darkest before-the-storm points in human history,
Given the nature of our kind, is it even at all possible, that an enlightened paradigm,
Might, like the fabled phoenix of mythical origin, rise up from the debris?
Away from the busy din, idealistic notions are so easily spun.

318

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that ordains you acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

323

There is no formula in rearing children.
Everyone has their own approach to parenting,
Some for good, some for ill.
And from it all,
Human history unfolds.

330

History is the arbitrary highlighting of selected snapshots,
From eternity's indivisible, ever-graceful streaming.
The crisscrossing of the endless array of ripples,
Which bring notable events to realization.
And from those streaming moments,
New ripples, ever make their way,
In the quantum theater's dreamtime.

334

What point being a footnote,
Or even a lengthy chapter in a history book.
Or, perhaps the most terrifying possibility of all things narcissistic,
The front cover on a check-stand magazine rack.

335

The history of humankind is an incalculable archive of every conceivable narrative.
There is really no greater or lesser story; all are equally steeped in imagination.

350

Those few who manage to stream along in the pure awareness,
Prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness,
Are unburdened by any history, whatsoever.

351

Best not to judge other points of history merely through the reflection of your own.

378

History is written by winners, losers, survivors, abiders;
Whoever makes the effort to set down one version or another.
But sooner or later, all eyes grow dim, and all ears, deaf,
And all chronicles are lost to the winds of illusion.

392

To gaze across all history with neither need nor want,
Is a freedom even the many gods of old would envy.

404

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

412

What good is knowledge, what good is history,
If you have not learned the many lessons offered?

416

The notion of history is sculpted in countless ways,
Through the never-ceasing, indivisibly eternal now.

422

Another wave of human history,
Of world history, of universal history,
In which you must play your itsy-bitsy part.

426

Once you are dead and gone, just how important is it, really,
How possible is it, even, that anyone remembers anything about you?
How can a few lines in some history book mean anything at all,
Once the dust has settled behind those unseeing eyes?

428

New day, same old story.
Without fresh eyes, who can discern,
The newness under every moment's starry sky?
Without fresh eyes, what are there but regurgitating puppets,
Dancing to the whims of the strings of history.

437

What point will there be to being a footnote in the history books,
When worms are the only things moving about your cranium?

443

History is opinion laden with many views.

444

More nonsense for the dustbin of history

446

Why would you really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that you call your own?

448

Do not believe even for a moment,
That anything you have ever spoken or written,
Will significantly modify or change the human paradigm.
Toying with history is an amusing diversion;
Far more than likely futile fare.

* * * *

The nuances of any given history are seemingly unfathomable.
Every witness perceives the same things as no one else ever will.
We are all wandering about the same theater in different universes.

450

Traditions, folklore, myths, legends, parables,
What enticingly brief notions, brief distractions.
Mortality proves the insignificance of all histories.

452

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

454

Is history that does not eventually point you to your ultimate Self, history worth knowing?

457

There are those who create history, those who regurgitate it, and those who ignore it.

458

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

459

Why would anyone ever need or want to duplicate,
To imitate another's life in any way, any shape, any form?
Live your own existence, free of any history, free of any burden.

468

What are you, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

473

History tends to raise winners to pedestals,
And spin losers to denigrated, even vilified obscurities.
The true histories, well, how many, if not all,
Are long lost in the sands of time?

475

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out- Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?

Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?
Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

478

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans …
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

479

What would it have been like to only know a tiny slice of this garden world?
To have lived among a small group in forest, a valley, a prairie, a mountain, an island, a desert.
Communicating orally using a unique language spawned by the given geography.
Scratching out an arduous existence with nascent tools and weapons.
Wearing simple attire, living in caves or modest shelters.
Hunting, fishing, gathering, harvesting.
Consuming whatever the niche about you offered.
Gazing up at the boundless unknown in wonder, perhaps in dread.
Weaving stories, establishing traditions, rituals, customs; creating myths, legends, gods.
The prehistoric etchings of what we vainly call the modern, civilized world,
All in the same eternal moment it has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are, somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go, but into some dystopian nightmare, on a sure road to extinction.

480

No set of writings, no persona, no group,
Should ever be accepted thoughtlessly as some authority.
Everything should be approached vigilantly, rationally, with a critical eye.
You are captain of the given mind-body to which You are witness.
Take command of your helm, navigate your own course.
History has its station, but You are here now.

499

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

What is an orgasm but the mind's most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it the evolutionary outcome
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

If history has proven anything,
It is that far too many always manage
To talk themselves into just about anything.

* * * *

What is any history, any saga, any memoir, any narration,
But a set of partial perceptions of one mind or many,
Precisely asserted by one storyteller or another.
What really transpired any given here now
Is likely always a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Many require some vintage time
For any writing to be worth considering,
As if the weight of history really means anything.

* * * *

When you say "I Am,"
Is it with or without the body,
And all its imagined history in mind?

* * * *

What is history but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily with new permutations and technologies seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

The you that you play is but history.
The You that You really are is eternal.

* * * *

It is a more-than-well-documented-very-historical-across-the-game-board fact that the multitudes
– Crowd, horde, throng, pack, flock, herd, mass, host, gang, mob, rabble, call it what you will –
Can be easily manipulated to, with extreme enthusiasm, go along with just about anything.

* * * *

It is unlikely the account, the saga, the legend, the myth,
The self-imagery anyone has playing over and over in their minds,
Would, much less could, ever resemble the one history would carve into stone.
Assuming, of course, that some chronicler would ever even be inspired to scribe anything.
Ultimately, all forms are but anonymous, vaporous ghosts in the mists of time.

* * * *

The Lost Tribes: Is it really just about some ancient desert peoples forced into exile?
Or could it be about the unique few whose inexplicable destiny it is
To someday awaken to what they actually are?
A Tribeless Tribe, so to speak.
As with anything, as with everything, it is what you make it.
What is any history but a temporal means to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

Do not fool yourself that it was anything but vanity
That brought Jesus to Jerusalem and cast him into history.
Whether innocent or calculated, his demise was as predictable as any
Who brashly, foolishly, fly in the face of the powers that be.
Might has always made right, and it always will.
To accept it as some deity's intention
Is a mortal game of thrones,
To which no one ever need subscribe
If they have the wit and courage to stand alone.

* * * *

The crippled beggar in some gutter
May be the richest man in all of human history.
And the Midas with castles of gold across the globe, the poorest.
What is enough, and what is not enough?
Attitude is all.

* * * *

The unfolding history of every generation
Sows the seeds of both agony and ecstasy
For the progeny, and the unborn beyond.

* * * *

History as it is unfolding is less about academics than it is reaction to the given moment.
It is only as the gaze broadens to the larger context, that perspective
Begins the slow process of reflection,
That will one day harvest a footnote in some chronicle.

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable,
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

What is human history but the ever-predictable monkey-mind,
Rolodexing its muddle of consciousness over and over and over.

* * * *

Human history is the synergy of the tribal mind evolved in the jungles of long ago.
The mind bent towards one groupthink or another, be it family or community or nation state.
Sometimes the connection is social; other times economic or religious or bloodline.
Whatever the case, every ripple in this time-bound human paradigm
Is linked to the unalterable genetic coding within all.

* * * *

What is the main reason for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

History is but smatterings of stories passed down from generation to generation.
Much of it egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric braidings of imaginary notion,
To which the blameless future often incoherently, irrationally, binds itself.

* * * *

What is any historical notion, whether individual, or tribal to whatever scale,
But consciousness playing out its perpetual vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity cadence.

* * * *

History being what it is, the vanities being what they are,
You may as well play it out as anonymously as possible.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery dreamtime
But a teensy-weensy sliver of imaginary perception
Sandwiched between the pre-historic and post-historic unknown.

* * * *

Human history is chock-full at both ends of the bell curve
Of the few both making it up and fucking it up
For the many in the vast between.

* * * *

Violence, and our kind's unfailing willingness to use it,
Is written and unwritten in histories across all times and geographies,
And is daily splayed in every media that technology allows.

* * * *

What is the point, what is the reality, of any story, any chronicle, any history,
Once all trace, all recollection, of it has been lost in the mists of eternity.
Ask the forest tree, fallen and decaying, unwitnessed and unheard.

* * * *

If you operate under the premise that you are ultimately screwed,
Why not play it out in whatever way or ways call out to you.
Family, friends, acquaintances, might take notice,
But rest assured that history will not long remember.

* * * *

More than 99 percent of all species, amounting to over five billion,
That ever existed in Earth's 4.54 billion years, are estimated to be extinct.
The history of humankind's ascent is like the history of extinction.
The far greater percentage is long undone, long forgotten,
And for all practical purposes, never happened.

* * * *

What is history but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?
Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another,
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now of eternal awareness,
The singular observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The curious thing about human history across all times and geographies,
Is that once vanity relegates any fellow humanoid to any so-called lesser kingdom,
Any and every variety of abuse or enslavement or extermination is allowed.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

History will write what it writes, and time will erase it all.
Who is the who, who cares, is the last question standing.

* * * *

Every generation plays out the window of time
That the reverie of history offers the given geography,
As it plays out in the ripples flowing to and fro across the world.
From all beginnings to all ends, it is very much a choiceless reality for all.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

What is each and every imagination-born existence, but a brief window of history.
A brief flickering of light and shadow, playing out in the dreamtime of mind.
A brief span in which awareness witnesses a timeless creation born of consciousness.
A kaleidoscoping quantum theater playing itself real over and over in every conceivable way.

* * * *

Every mind has its rhyme and reason, its raison d'être,
And whether or not others become interested in the trove of its wanders.
Is a matter only history, in one future-past or another, will tell.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, with all its histories, whether written and unwritten,
Is nothing more than collusion founded upon the capricious spark of imagination.

* * * *

We have witnessed history play the same record over and over and over again.
The players change, the technologies change, the universe changes,
But the monkey-mind is ever a Shakespearian collage.

* * * *

In this manifest dreamtime world, history has countless times proven that might makes right.
As Vegetius put it in De Re Militari: si vis pacem, para bellum, if you want peace, prepare for war.
Anonymity is the first line of defense, the second is to be a chameleon, to avoid becoming a target.
From then on – care you to abide, care you to survive – whatever level of readiness is required.

* * * *

So much time already passed, so much history already written,
How much more can be left in this dream of human consciousness?

* * * *

Will anyone really miss you when you are dead and gone?
Perhaps a few, but not for long, and when they too have departed, none at all.
You will at last resume the anonymity, the obscurity, the extinction, the oblivion, the nothingness,
All histories, all chronicles, all narratives, all annals, all accounts, all sagas, have in store.

* * * *

The masses do not fathom their fleeting context in history.
Their prevailing disquiet is the existence they must daily endure.
And thus unfolding events careen misinterpreted to and fro about them.

* * * *

At best you might do something
That might slightly spin history some new direction,
But what is history but imaginary notion
Given credence by the same.

* * * *

There is history everywhere in this world;
Only a relatively small scratch of it recorded.

* * * *

What perception has ever been real?
What perception has ever been more than an imaginary notion,
Combining with other notions to make a sizable collage of arbitrary notions in each and every mind;
The synergy of which compounds into a very much unrehearsed human paradigm.
All history is nothing more than the perpetual vanity of consciousness
Playing its make-believe game of space and time real.

* * * *

A moment is only wasted
If you fail to give it full attention free of recollection.
History is written by the living dead.
Eternal life is now.

* * * *

All histories are ever forgotten or misconstrued or revised,
As they were never more than make-believe from the get-go.

* * * *

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

* * * *

In the no-mind, there is no history, there is no buddha, there is no you.
There is merely the eternal awareness, the ever-present, indivisible now.

* * * *

Abandon the mind and all its thoughts of identity and personality and character.
All the histories, all the narrations, all the time-bound concoctions you imagine real.
Be the awareness, the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, you timelessly are.

* * * *

You were born again many, many times
Before imagination did a gradual sunrise in your mind,
And the rest is a history only you can know.
And everyone else the same.

* * * *

History is matrix woven of ecstasies and agonies, glories and horrors,
To which the indivisible, timeless awareness has always been witness.

* * * *

What a human-born absurdity to strive to be a historical footnote.
Even more so to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a college course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale of any and all is to be the source-point
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

* * * *

On to the next moment: On Rudolf, on Dasher, on Dancer,
On Prancer, on Vixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, on Blitzen,
Charge on and on and on, always on into the blizzard of history's unfolding.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm
Is but a bare scratch of earth's history,
And far, far less in the cosmic genesis before that,
And who can ever know how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down does not even remotely grasp
The depthless depths of this boggling mystery.

* * * *

History tends to forget all but the most key players,
But in every story ever written, in every story never written,
However grand a part, however trifling a part, each and every one
Has been center stage in their own version of the play.

* * * *

What is history but a collection of ambiguous perceptions,
Superimposed as reality, oftentimes for ulterior purpose.

* * * *

The chronicles of human history have as much chance of surviving as we do.
Do not assume the aliens will bother with writings and ruins
Once the protein source has disappeared.

* * * *

When you were young, time did not exist because there was no history
Against which to ruminate, to evaluate, to estimate, to duplicate, to reflect,
You were free of the weight of mind, of ego, and all the bother of self-imagery.
To discern that state of rejuvenation, to throw off the yoke of time, is the challenge.

* * * *

The burden of time,
The burden of history,
The burden of tradition,
Are the burden of mind.

Soundbites

Who survives and who breeds is history in a nutshell.

* * * *

All histories are but vague notions, all biased one way or another.

* * * *

The end of history, the end of time, the end of mind.

* * * *

You never know what ignorance and stupidity will do with a little history.

* * * *

It is the patterns, not history, that repeat themselves.

* * * *

The weight of history makes pawns of the living.

* * * *

Vanity and greed daily mock the lessons of history.

* * * *

History is laced with many a shallow grave.

* * * *

History is an ever-leaking bucket of metaphors.

* * * *

History is but a fluke of evolution.

* * * *

History is best used as a tool for reflection, not an end in itself.

* * * *

Every history a black hole of inaccuracy.

* * * *

You live the given life, and history does with you what it will.

* * * *

History streams on, its passing untarnished by wisdom.

* * * *

So much history to ignore in these our modern times.

* * * *

Every generation pays one price or another for its little window of history's unfolding.

* * * *

What is any history but vanity given the weight of time.

* * * *

So many lies history has fed you.

* * * *

History is an albatross, sometimes boon, sometimes bane, to any given modern world.

* * * *

History is only rarely written by the losers, and even more rarely by the dead.

* * * *

What is any history but a collection of half-truths all too often given cultish credence.

* * * *

History is chock-full of nebulous assumptions, about which our attachment harbors few bounds.

* * * *

The terrible horrors of human history, even demons sometimes shudder to fathom.

* * * *

Is any history ever anything more than a collection of vague perceptions?

* * * *

As we are judged by the friends we keep, we are judged by the history we allow.

* * * *

History is the albatross every culture hangs upon its young.

* * * *

History daily playing out its sorry future.

* * * *

History only has as much weight as imagination gives it.

* * * *

History will run your show if you allow it.

* * * *

History is not soda pop.

* * * *

Yet another indecipherable footnote in the annals of history.

* * * *

History as we know it is full of self-serving bunk.

* * * *

Yet another idealistic notion for which history has at best rudimentary interest.

* * * *

Why would you ever feel required to play it out the way history dictates?

* * * *

And what part and particle of all history have you not ultimately witnessed?

* * * *

History sows all futures.

* * * *

All histories are a mirage born of the vagaries human consciousness.

* * * *

History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

You may know history, but do you understand it, do you feel it in your beingness?

* * * *

And to whose history might you be referring?

* * * *

History: All true; all false.

* * * *

Imaginary as it is, we are all drug along in the wake of history's future-past.

Breadcrumbs

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
Written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
To what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
During the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
Of the United States of America, a nation-state
In what seemed the zenith and early decline
Of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
So the accuracy of all predictions in time
Is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
As they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

* * * *

These many thoughts, well, they are sort of a long-view-Johnny-Appleseed thing.
Good old vanity playing out the delayed gratification that history offers the dead.

* * * *

The eternal historian.

* * * *

Into history, I Am, once again.

* * * *

Toying with human history's future-past,
A verbose back-burn, so to speak,
For what dreams may come.

* * * *

Passed it out randomly, indiscriminately, to see all the reactions,
To see how it plays out, this gambit with the history of humankind.

* * * *

Toying with history one ditty at a time.

* * * *

What is the point of writing these many thoughts, anyway?
Who will ever read any more than a few handfuls of them, at best?
How many better-written things are already published out there already?
"Why?" you ask.
Because these many thoughts, like pencil sketches to an artist,
Come unsolicited in the day-to-day wandering walk-about.
And, by golly, it's just another way to pass the time.
And, frankly, it's just straight-forward amusing
To tweak a bit with history's unfolding.
And, no worries if nothing ever comes of it.

* * * *

How these words will play out in history's unfolding,
The scribe can only wonder, but does not pretend to know.
Just a large collection of random thoughts that came spontaneously
Which he wrote down because the mystery had shaped him into a witness.
Is it a message of the divine, or just the inanity of a foolish madman?
You decide, if you have the inclination to traverse the attempt.

* * * *

The most effective way to yank anyone off a pedestal is to pounce on their character.
Well, Jesus probably was not all the propaganda of history has made him out to be, either.
Two thousand years of dissimulation makes for a nice handicap in the idolatry games.

* * * *

These thoughts might be revolutionary if they had been among the first,
But early they are not in this Ponzi scheme of history's viral outbreak.

* * * *

Know enough about history to toy with it,
But to change, even modify it, in any meaningful way
Is not highly favored by probability at this late stage in the game.

* * * *

I am often almost forgetting me;
Why should I hope more of anyone else?
History is nothing more than the imaginary realm
Of the many-faced other.

* * * *

A history teacher in college one day out of the blue pointed to a few of us and said,
"You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … "
At the time it meant nothing – zipped past the youthful head of innocence, so to speak –
But in the years since, the realization of what he meant has taken unforeseen wings.

* * * *

Likely more of a personal online scrapbook than anything of history-making consequence.

* * * *

Few ever know of writings such as these in the time they are written.
It is for history to note whether or not they unfurled in the winds of consciousness.
Will they be known, will they be lauded, will they be reviled, will they play any meaningful part?
Or will they merely have been an amusing pastime of yet another forgotten mind?

* * * *

Nope, I am not Buddha, nor any other historically significant noteworthy.
This round, I am called Michael, sometimes Mike, and Holzblowzer by Blane.
Rose-by-any-other-name monikers that have well-served this mundane existence.

* * * *

I am every filter the capacities and limitations of this mind will allow into its frame of reference:
Philosopher, scientist, historian, anthropologist, psychologist, sociologist,
Politician, warrior, and on and on the list daily grows.

* * * *

Without history, what are we?" Merritt reflected in one many, many moons ago chat.
"The same nothing we are, have always been, will ever be," this I would answer now.

* * * *

Do not know why some folks think I am so negative.
I am very certain, very confident, very positive, very optimistic,
That the remainder of human history is going to be bent over in many, many ways.
And there ain't no lubricant on the market gonna be much help.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Gianni Grassi a.k.a., Yesei Kaige (Wild Spirit-Precept Flower)
Outlined the evolving WHO-WHERE-WHEN-WHY-WHAT-HOW of humankind's rise,
That he calls "The Historical Transformations of Buddhasapience"

Buddha 1.0 ... Identity ... WHO
200 to 50 thousand years ago ... Warm Climate ... Gathering ... Ritual Burial

Buddha 2.0 ... Locality ... WHERE
50 TO 10 thousand years ago ... Glaciation ... Hunting ... Shamanistics

Buddha 3.0 ... Periodicity ... WHEN

10 to 3 thousand years ago ... Glacial Thaw ... Cultivation ... Astrologics

Buddha 4.0 ... Universality ... WHY
3,000 to 600 years ago ... Hyper-Population ... Trade ... Metaphysics

Buddha 5.0 ... Objectivity ... WHAT
600 to 60 years ago ... Isolation ... Institution ... Science

Buddha 6.0 ... Emergence ... HOW
60 years ago to present ... Emergence ... Networking ... Synergistics

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Emerging ... Networking ... Synergizing ...
But into what in what sort of a dystopian, Frankensteinian creation are we talking about?
Thanks, but no thanks.

* * * *

Common Meme:
History repeats itself.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
History does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

* * * *

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:
Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,
Conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Do not be deluded about the fact that the United States of America,
With its Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and who knows how many laws,
Was founded upon the genocide of the Americans who inhabited it long before Columbus,
The enslavement of tribal peoples abducted from their village homes in Africa,
And destruction and annihilation all across the planet ever since.

George Orwell in Animal Farm:
All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

Thucydides in the History of the Peloponnesian War:
Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must.

The Way It Is (An Unfinished Essay)

It is a curious thing to me, and I am sure many others …

A collusion of imagination

You cannot save the planet until you understand inwardly, at a quantum level, that you are the planet, and the universe from which it is spun.

Make-believe, a world-wide game of make-believe.

A wake-up called for the human species. Sort of an emperor's-wearing-no-clothes moment, if you will.

It is a very curious thing how imagination rules the human drama. It is the source of everything we do, everything we as a species have created, and yet we have not come to grips with it enough really understand it, or to use it in ways that are truly harmonious and relatively beneficial to all, and to all those yet unborn who will follow.

We are endlessly caught up in all the assumptions, all the differences, all the polarizations, all the absurdities over this or that. We seem unable to fathom the fundamental commonality of the mortality that we all endure. We seem unable to see that everything is connected, everything is made of the same clay, everything is swimming in the same quantum sea, everything is of the same origin. Whatever name or belief we may give it, and there are so many across the world throughout human history, we find every reason to create further division rather that surrender to the simplicity, the indivisibility at every core.

No matter your color, class, caste, creed, culture, language, sex, class, all the things you imagine you are, at the source we are all very much the same. We all love, we all hate, we all cry, we all work, we all consume, we all feel alone, we occupy ourselves in every way imaginable.

This is not an ideal, this is a fact. We have so much more in common at the primal source than can ever be imagined. It is unfortunate that most of us are unable to discern this simple truth, that we are so caught up in our individual and cultural histories, and all the beliefs they have inspired, that we are unable to work together to achiever our full potential, to realign with this amazing pearl of a world, this wondrous garden, that we have so badly damaged in every way.

We are so caught up in our greed, our self-interest, our divisive beliefs, our security, our politics, our color, our sexuality, divisive this, divisive that.

Everything we think is imagined. Everything about ourselves, everything about others, everything about our geography of origin, everything about our world, everything about the universe, everything about anything … is imagined. All our inner struggles, all our outer struggles are born of imagination.

The choice between heaven and hell, between harmony and disharmony, between peace and war, is a choice each of us in every moment makes.

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, we are all very much the same.

We can emphasize the differences, or we can discern the unimpeachable commonality.
And we are quickly running out of time. The decisions we are making together every moment of every day, the synergy of all our actions combined in the play of time, are creating a future that few of us would likely want to endure. And yet we give so little thought to the world that our grandchildren, their grandchildren, and the grandchildren a thousand years hence – assuming we as a species, assuming this garden of a planet, can even survive that long – will endure.

A very curious thing, indeed, how imagination rules the human drama.

Surely, I am not the only one who feels like an alien here.

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter Five

These words are solely to dispel the delusion
That you truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately
Than history has thus far noted.

Chapter Seven

Anyone claiming to be the key, the middleman, to the answer.
Is setting you up for one of the best scams history ever devised.

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

Chapter Eight

What irony that those history anoints worthy of note
Were so often callous liars, cheats, thieves, and murderers,
Who used the coin of their realms to acquire a redeeming image.

* * * *

Interesting how so many of our kind
So earnestly strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across time and space well know as the cause of many an absurdity.

* * * *

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered
What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

Chapter Sixteen

In the realm of the inadvertent consequences of its historical emanation,
Humankind is not leaving itself much scope for viable engagement.
In current jargon, it is coined "painting yourself into a corner."

Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter Two

What is the Bible but a poorly organized history book, laced with smatterings of wisdom,
Certainly, no greater than any other so-called scripture written across this temporal orb.

Chapter Five

History is whatever each of us thinks it is, and much of it absurd hogwash.
Time always boils down to be here now, and enjoy or endure it as best ye may.

Chapter Fifteen

True religion is much more than regurgitating some historic dogmatic notion,
That is really no more real and true now than it was in the way-back-when.

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 250

History is testament to hell on earth.

* * * *

History will consume you if you allow it.

* * * *

No individual or group changes the course of history.
All merely play out their relatively insignificant part
In its already-written-in the-sands-of-time chronicle.

Chapter 251

Hell is in the details, and history is creator of its future-past.

Chapter 253

The end of the story is the end of history.

* * * *

History: read it and weep.

Chapter 255

What is any history but the fog of perception.

Chapter 257

History has proven over and over again, that anything can be usurped.

Chapter 259

Never trust history to tell you the truth.

* * * *

No history can never be more than a story.

Chapter 260

History is everywhere and nowhere.

* * * *

History is relative to every eye that discerns it.

Chapter 266

So much history before all the history we think we know.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what you freely consent.

Chapter 270

History kills everyone sooner or later.

Chapter 271

History comes, history goes, but the passions are ever the same.

Chapter 272

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

Chapter 276

To break with history, with the chains of time, is the only true freedom.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred
to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"

Chapter 278

Histories often whitewash truth, and even more often wash it away completely.

Chapter 283

We are all windows of time watching history unfold.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never goes back.
Square one is a long ago before the ever-after of time was ever conceived.

* * * *

Greedy for status, greedy for fortune, greedy for power, greedy for history.
What is the human paradigm, what is the human archetype,
But a precarious cliff of its own making.

* * * *

If you want true civilization, you must behave civilly.
History across the board, across time, again and again,
Shows the alternative much less nice, much less pretty.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

All histories are about perspective; none ever exactly the same.
From whatever vantage any me-myself-and-I is viewing the battlefield,
Every world, every universe, is a unique snowflake entirely born of imagination.

* * * *

As illusory as any history is in any given fleeting moment,
It is in the flicker of imagination that we gauge and direct actions
That synergistically fashion a dystopian future we cannot in any way avert.

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than you.
All are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Medals and accolades offer little compensation for arms, legs, minds, or lives.
“Thank you for your service” is but a hollow echo to an existence forever altered.

* * * *

Regarding murder and mayhem,
Whether it is a club or a machete or a bullet or an oven or a bomb,
The result is the same.

* * * *

Extreme cruelty is best reserved for those who truly deserve it,
And then only in relatively brief and moderate doses when possible.

* * * *

Be as the newborn in the crib: pure awareness, pure isness, pure nature,
Watchfully waiting for the winds of nurture to shape it, mold it, condition it, brainwash it,
Program it, indoctrinate it, persuade it, into its persona, its will, its destiny.

* * * *

Eternal life, living fully in the moment, is to waylay all past, all future.
As if nothing has never happened; as if nothing will never happen again.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations
In the shaping, the molding, of the human epic?

* * * *

Does not the study of physics and all the other sciences
Make it more than obvious what you truly are, and are not?

* * * *

Existence is but an ever-changing dream
That is incessantly tagged with every conceivable notion.
But the ephemeral awareness each and every mind every moment truly is,
Is most definitely, without doubt, exactly the same.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are about real connectiveness.
The garden and cyber varieties are but shadows in comparison.

* * * *

You are that which knows no birth, that which knows no death,
That from which the unborn is born, that from which the born is unborn.
That in which the born ebb and flow again and again for as long as genesis allows.

* * * *

The point and purpose of all labels should be suspect to any bent on the quest for truth.
To confine anything within a concept always risks, intentionally or not,
Diminishing, obfuscating, its essential integrity.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that you are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.
It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

No culture across this planet, no culture anywhere in time,
Has ever been anything more than a tribal mindset bent on perpetuating itself.
Any prescribed adherence to anything, is nothing more than allowing some other. to rule your mind.
You owe history nothing but what you freely consent.

* * * *

The stream of human consciousness is the play of stories ebbing and flowing,
Rounding one corner after another, all its many individual drops collectively playing out history.
Carrying in it every narrative since the first thought of self, of "I am," came to mind.
How attached are you to your me-myself-and-I vanity is the question.

* * * *

All of history's players since long before recorded time,
Could never have even begun to apprehend how whatever they did,
Has played out in its interminable, indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping emanation.

* * * *

In history's breadth and depth,
You are but a shallow, linear, hollow scratch.
Your significance, an imaginary monolith in your mind, is nil.

* * * *

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any ever fundamentally mutated the startup source code of the human paradigm?
Have any ever even once managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.

You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

Whittling down the vast assortment of deities to just one,
What a task, what a power struggle it has historically proven to be.
And now, what to name this one god, a wrestling match of these our modern times.
And once that is well-established: what creed, what scripture, what commandments, what dress code,
What, what, what … will ever resolve the ever-expanding arrays of vanity
We two-leggeds in every way portray as truth?

* * * *

There is no end to the "what if's" of any historical contemplation, no matter the scale;
Be it individual, group, world, cosmic, or whatever else any mind might attempt to fathom.

* * * *

Never assume any history to be totally true.
Every witness, every mind, has its own confined perception.
None ever in any way exactly the same; none ever in any way entirely accurate.
Every soldier on a battlefield has his own unique account.
And the dead, the one never known.

* * * *

History is the momentum of forces bent on creation and preservation and destruction,
As intentionally or unintentionally contrived by individuals and collectives and alliances between.
It is the synergistic rippling of every variety of current washing every direction,
Subject only to the whims of time and the laws of physics.

* * * *

History.
More history.
Even more history.

Soundbites

So much history before all the history we think we know.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what you freely consent.

* * * *

History kills everyone sooner or later.

* * * *

History comes, history goes, but the passions are ever the same.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

* * * *

To break with history, with the chains of time, is the only true freedom.

* * * *

History, more history, even more history.

Breadcrumbs

Throughout its so-called religious history, the Middle East has been a lead sponsor
Of a delusional, dangerous madness, that threatens egalitarian ideas with annihilation.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#$*!?

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy

59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility

59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera
59 Moments … To Be Continued

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

* * * *

One of the big lessons in history
Is that its best to be cautious about trusting anybody with an agenda
That is not necessarily in your best interest.

* * * *

There is no such thing as history; there are only historians.
Storytellers who persuade you to imagine their stories real.

* * * *

From long before human history's earliest etchings,
The wealthy, the famous, the powerful, have deceived themselves and others
Into believing themselves superior to the masses without.
Smoke and mirrors from the get-go.

* * * *

History is an ever-churning dynamic of interconnected contexts
Playing out the cosmic patterns begun in the long-ago-not-long-ago.

* * * *

History would indicate that many if not most human beings
Value a pile of the glittery stuff more than they do existence.

* * * *

Stories, history is chock-full of them, and every group across time has them.
It is the attachment to any of them that warrants fathoming the deeper current.

* * * *

Sometimes for a few moments, sometimes for an entire lifetime.
Sometimes beneficial, sometime harmful, sometimes trifling.
It is a dynamic from which all history is written, or not.

* * * *

What agendas will set in stone the historical chronicles
Of this relatively brief window of the human paradigm?

* * * *

All histories, even the most scholarly renditions,
Are likely laced with at least one untruth,
And most likely more than a few.

* * * *

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

* * * *

No history is ever exactly what we imagine it to be,
And certainly not close to anything even the most well-intentioned screenwriter
Can bundle into a two-hour movie, a ten-hour documentary,
Or even a long-running mini-series.

* * * *

History is woven into every language.
The dead reign from the graves of mind.
From the dusty realms at imagination's end.

* * * *

Toying with history.
More toying with history.
Even more toying with history.

Soundbites

How quickly history fades.

* * * *

History is chock-full of lies.

* * * *

What is any language but layers of history, of culture, interwoven into its ever-changing nature.

* * * *

History is always unfolding the same way any given different day.

* * * *

Yet another non-essential factoid for history to quickly forget.

* * * *

Forget yourself before history does.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian, the last chronicler of the human paradigm?

* * * *

Far, far, infinitely far more unwritten history than written.

* * * *

History is a great deal of imaginary dead weight.

* * * *

No history survives the test of eternity.

* * * *

How attached we are to our histories; those that have managed to survive.

* * * *

Is any history ever more than a tool to manipulate the masses?

* * * *

History always tells.

* * * *

History is written by those who feel the call to bother.

* * * *

Covenants made with history are chains that bind minds to time.

* * * *

Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.

Breadcrumbs

An interjection into history's unfolding.

* * * *

Know too much history to bother fighting its unfolding.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the mystery of existence,
History seems to have dished up every possible delusion imaginable.
These many thoughts are for those whose only real hunger
Is to discern the truth of it for themselves.

* * * *

I am forgetting myself long before history will.

* * * *

Toying with history, one aphorism at a time.

* * * *

“Without history, we are nothing,” a good friend long ago said.

And now, I would say to him, “Even with history, we are nothing.”

* * * *

A Johnny Appleseed grassroots campaign of sorts.
A passive-aggressive strategy, of that there is no denying.
But at least, hopefully, well away from the talons
Of any sort of dogmatic cult following
History has far too many times before seen.

* * * *

I be a historian of sorts, but not of the truly scholarly blended brew.
Shooting from the hip has always been more my style of living and dying.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world,
All things sentient, all things inanimate,
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas,
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art,
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

What is history?
My story, your story, his story. her story, their story, our story, the story.
All nothing more than imagination larking about in each and every mind.

* * * *

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

* * * *

Every culture has a history, every culture has a narrative.
Every culture makes every conceivable-feasible effort
To manipulate the future into its enduring likeness.

* * * *

History is the invention of whatever mind deems rumored events worth remembering,
And wielding the narrative it discerns into an amalgamation that never really happened.

* * * *

In any of history's free-for-alls for democracy,
When has government of the people, by the people, for the people,
Really ever not been government of the oligarchy, by the oligarchy, for the oligarchy?

* * * *

There is no history, only historians.
There is no translation, only translators.
There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas,
Only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

* * * *

History changes every time a page is added or torn out.
History is unchanged even when a page is added or torn out.

* * * *

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

Soundbites

Only history knows.

* * * *

No history has ever existed.

* * * *

Human history is about individuals and tribes feeding upon one another.

* * * *

Obligation to history? Why?

* * * *

What human history proves again and again is how gullible human beings can be.

* * * *

History does not care what you did, or for how long.

* * * *

History is a human concoction.

* * * *

History is the giver and taker of life and death, and all entitlements between.

* * * *

All history, as scientifically as it might be sorted, boils down to scholarly speculation and story-telling.

* * * *

Every form has a history, yet where is its beginning, where is its end?

* * * *

Revenge is one of the greater engines of history, but does not hold a candle to greed.

* * * *

There is no knowing the truth of history; it is all the speculation of storytellers.

* * * *

What history does anyone care about most but their own?

* * * *

So much history we can barely if ever know.

* * * *

What is history but storytellers telling of story makers.

* * * *

No witness, no history.

* * * *

We are all blends of history come before.

* * * *

The lie that history wrote.

Breadcrumbs

Eternity's historian.

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

The Historian

A history teacher in college one day out of the blue pointed to a few of us and said,
"You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … "
At the time it meant nothing – zipped past the youthful head of innocence, so to speak –
but in the years since, the realization of what he meant has taken unforeseen wings.

These Many Thoughts

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
to what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
during the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
of the United States of America, a nation-state
in what seemed the zenith and early decline
of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
so the accuracy of all predictions in time
is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
as they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

Without History

"Without history, we are nothing," a Merritt Hulst long ago said.
And now, I would say to him, "Even with history, we are nothing."

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Birth is the beginning of any given story; death, its end.
History books are but subjective, loquacious snapshots.

* * * *

Those who control the narrative shape history's perception
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature can lay claim.
The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a loyal penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

Truth, as far as the day-to-day world goes, depends on to which fake news you subscribe.
History shows that truth tends to favor the agenda of whoever is doing the investigating.

* * * *

Any language evolves from its history,
Any history is imbedded in its language,
For as long as the given culture abides.

* * * *

Jesus was more than likely not your rendering of Jesus, nor was Buddha,
Nor were any other graven mirages history has in imagination ever devised.

* * * *

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.

You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

* * * *

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned clock.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could be.
And then man learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

* * * *

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.

You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

* * * *

Groupthink has often proven to be a two-way street.
History is chock-full of followers who have pressured those they follow
To do and say things they otherwise would not do or say, were they left to their own device.
The road less traveled may well best be wandered in solitary fashion,
As anonymously as time and circumstances allow.

* * * *

So many ways to view history:
First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history and public history.

* * * *

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

Tradition inevitably binds a culture to such a degree
That it becomes terminally inflexible to the ever-changing moment.
The world is strewn with the carcasses of peoples and civilizations come and gone
Because they could not discard the history, the mindset, that bore them.
They could not surrender to the changes required for survival.

* * * *

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever you will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

* * * *

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

* * * *

Religion is a shell game
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
And were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more disregarded.

* * * *

Something may seem strange or wrong now, but obviously did not in whatever when.
What point judging history and all the numberless values the times of mind do ordain?

* * * *

It is really quite astounding to contemplate
How all the sounds we daily use to communicate
Slowly evolved from across all human history.
And English, the most dogged mutt to date.

Soundbites

The end of history … is the end of his story, her story, our story, their story, my story, all stories.

* * * *

What is history but stories rippling through minds in ways the storytellers can never imagine.

* * * *

The truth of history is never what you think.

* * * *

the lack of a historian, another inglorious moment left un-scribed.

* * * *

History is not a reliable source, history is not a reliable judge.

* * * *

History is replete with characters who take the human story down many a rabbit hole.

* * * *

Your Jesus is a fabrication of your imagination, as is any historical characterization.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian? The last scientist? The last mathematician? The last anything?

* * * *

The future-past of human history is the culmination of all destinies.

* * * *

History is only as real as it is remembered.

* * * *

History is only as real as it is given attention.

* * * *

What is history but the play of patterns.

* * * *

Recording history accurately is an endless, somewhat futile quest.

* * * *

What book or journal or movie or memory can ever catch any historical event accurately?

* * * *

Attached to self, to tribe, to geography, to history? Why?

* * * *

History is awash in every conceivable variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is history but an imaginary context that orchestrates a future.

* * * *

History is an indifferent taskmaster.

* * * *

History toys with all who believe.

* * * *

Who is not at many times both best friend and worst enemy.

* * * *

The final vanity is believing you are enlightened.

* * * *

What we endure just to see another day.

* * * *

If you have tasted something once, you have tasted it a thousand times.

* * * *

Good attitude, bad attitude, your choice.

* * * *

Pure laziness.

* * * *

How challenging to perceive a bubble before it bursts.

* * * *

Death is an equal-opportunity reaper.

* * * *

Keeping up with it all, what a chore.

* * * *

Old age is about enduring fellow withereds always complaining about their declining health.

* * * *

Sometimes so huge, sometimes so small.

* * * *

What were you thinking!?

* * * *

The entire human drama is nothing more than mental illness born of genetic engineering.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told? Nah, maybe the greatest scam.

* * * *

No one wants to hear it.

* * * *

All are comrades in quantum.

* * * *

Count your limitations, they are many and not far between.

* * * *

How you end your window of time is the final pattern.

* * * *

Count your blessings, they will end.

* * * *

Nothing you need see, nothing you need do, nothing you need be, oblivion beckons.

* * * *

Who is today's king of the mountain?

* * * *

The Difference Between Black and White is a state of mind.

* * * *

Only the dead know the end of all things imaginary.

* * * *

Yet another example of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

Imagination frolics willy-nilly in the forebrain theater.

* * * *

Dead is dead, how is for the living to bother about.

Breadcrumbs

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore me entirely.
If not, at least hopefully it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of so many other seers.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

* * * *

The past has only so much influence, so much control, over any given present.
Historians may or may not divine what is relevant to the future in their storytelling efforts.
History has proven many times that any given time will decipher its own take,
Based on the unfolding machinations the current world has in play.
And eventually, all will decline and fall into oblivion,
The abyss, where nothing ever happens.

* * * *

Is your dream motivated or indifferent? Driven or lackadaisical? Energetic or apathetic?
All fates find the same grave; will yours strike a note in history?
Or be resigned to an unmarked grave?

* * * *

Imagination, and all its memories, knowledge, history, metaphors … and drama,
Has a tendency to crash the party without notice, as often as inattention allows.

* * * *

What will history call it?
The Great Alignment
The Great Reckoning
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall

The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

* * * *

The one-percenters have, since the jungles of long ago, set the tone and tempo,
To which all the puppets below dance, however might-makes-right dictates and allows.
Any well-rewarded, ranking position, is determined by whatever they and the many minions value,
Which statistically boils down to avarice and power and vanity; to a pile of gold,
And whatever entitlements are at hand in the given time and place.
It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.
Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

Instinct was the baseline before imagination magnified it to heights and breadths beyond reckoning.
To be unaware of how it has shaped human history, is to submit to a power that embraces extinction.

* * * *

The problem-solving monkey-mind has evolved through natural selection since life’s beginning.
In its unassailable patterning, in its ceaseless hunter-gatherer quest for problems to solve,
It can, in some drama-laden lives, be prone to creating them out of little or nothing.
Oftentimes, of a perpetual nature; oftentimes, leap-frogging between many.
To employ the given mind as the as-needed tool nature intended, requires an attentive wit.
An intelligence, to which, as history has again and again shown, more than a few, have little or no access.

* * * *

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

* * * *

What human beings have done for power and fame and fortune and revenge,
Throughout all its history, in every geography, is terrifying beyond all reckoning.
And the future every-moment streaming, very much the same, if not more so.

* * * *

How to dissolve the binds of post-traumatic stress,
That permeate any given mind-body like rings in a tree,
Requires a meditative attentiveness, challenging to maintain.
We are all captive in our biological cauldrons, prisoners of destiny,
Coded with whatever history has been written in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

Why would karma ever be inflicted upon a dream?
Why would a dreamer ever be punished, ever be rewarded,
For dreaming a dream, about which he or she or it, had no choice?
It is avaricious predators who create and use imaginary deities against you.
Depending on circumstances, you may, or may not, be free, to put them behind you.
It is not fun being shunned and/or tortured and/or executed for being a sceptic (a.k.a., heretic).
Might makes right, and histories across the board, have times beyond counting,
Proven far less than egalitarian, towards those who question.

* * * *

Democracy is something of an experiment – a hypothesis, an inquiry, an audition – in history's playbook.
A means of managing civilization; a modus operandi, in no way natural to the human paradigm.
If representative democracy is to succeed, if power is to attain some degree of balance,
All parties must walk away from any given table at least partially dissatisfied.
Everyone must explore a way to achieve some sort of compromise,
In which all parties can be at least somewhat satisfied.
Any by-the-people-for-the-people-of-the-people governance,
Requires an autonomous perception, to which relatively few are disposed.
Requires a sagacity steeped in resolute determination to ward off the despotic inclination.

* * * *

What if you could profoundly articulate and understand, every human language ever spoken, ever written.
That you were intimate with the histories from which they, in partnership with nature, evolved.
What an astounding thing it would have been, to have witnessed all creation, all genesis,
From beginning to end, from germination to fruition, from cradle to grave,
And what if that 'what if' included all life forms, from small to great,
All the other creatures this Darwinian-garden orb has in space and time devised.
You would have to be some sort of all-inclusive deity, to achieve such total awareness.
And surely that divine omniscience, and its omnipotence, can never manifest in the mortal field.
And though we are all, of this timeless awareness, we are but pawns in its mystery theater extraordinaire.

* * * *

You really believe more than a random few even notice you?
And so what, really, if even billions know of you,
And the history books laud your name.
Do you even know your Self?

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

So many believing their window of history, their slice of geography, their groups of like-minded –
Their family, their tribe, their country, their school, their city, their church, their world – so important.
There is absolutely no reason to hope, even for a moment, that the human species will ever get over itself.
It would require a transformation, a revolution of consciousness, absurd to all but the most astute.

* * * *

History is nothing more than imaginary notion,
A pattern, a habit, to which the human paradigm, the human genome,
In some ago, some unheralded moment, succumbed.

* * * *

Everything – culture, language, history, status, gender – is imprinted long before it becomes absorbed.
To believe you are anything more than a quantum algorithm humming away your little part,
In this grand theatrical production, that encompasses all creation, best think again.
In your next decision, see if you can come up with an unexpected move,
Without thinking at about it.

And if you managed something, how unpredictable was it, really?

* * * *

All human history, since long before the migration, the exodus, from the African jungles,
Has been driven by a very Darwinian might-makes-right, and its certain sidekick, political correctness.
World history is how all these tribal mindsets, these clannish groupthinks, have blended together.
From on-high, it would appear like bacteria spreading every which way across a Petri Dish.
Creating-preserving-destroying, in every corner of this itty-bitty, whirling grain of dust,
Which serenely orbits a small star floating in a relatively unexceptional galaxy,
In a cosmos whose lifespan is considered brief by the deities in charge.

* * * *

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?

Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?
Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

* * * *

Was Saul of Tarsus truly a Jewish pharisee turned Christian apostle,
Or merely the first grifter in a 2,000-plus-year labyrinth of scam artists,

To contrive a fantastical protagonist named Jesus as a pawn to his own ends?
History is but a mishmash of facts and lies melded into the ends and means in play.

* * * *

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

* * * *

In the prehistoric times when Darwin ruled,
No creature could assume it would survive any given day.
That is still true, but with seatbelts and air conditioning and insurance.

* * * *

How long will you allow history to influence your future?
How long will you allow it to meddle in your thoughts?
How long will you allow it to constrain your actions?
How long will you allow it to inflict your world?
How long will you allow it to permeate your mind?

* * * *

Hope for the best, plan for the worst.
Hope has an ofttimes irrational, delusional, unprepared fan base,
But those of a more rational bent, those who know the difference between caution and fear,
Know it is never ever a good idea not to be ready for the worst,
For the worst can happen any moment, any place, any time,
As history again and again proves, every way imaginable.

* * * *

Assuming he really existed, anyone who actually knew Jesus, is as long gone as he.
Rest assured, the version you have gleaned from what little is written,
Is likely not even close to whatever really happened,
Likely not even close to whoever, whatever, if ever he really was.
History is often a lie that weaves on and on, bending minds of all those giving it ear.

* * * *

All that is imagined is only real in imagination.
To be that awareness, to be that witness, prior to imagination,
Is to be free of history, free of all that is known, free of all that limits the spirit;

* * * *

Your genome morphs many faces, many bodies, in your window of time.

As Shakespeare so eloquently penned,
Through the melancholy Jaques,
In a previous moment:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

* * * *

The precedents of history, of tradition, of culture, of any imaginary brew,
Are binding only to those whose minds have been molded to believe them.

* * * *

What is the state of mind free of all history, worldly or personal?
Very still, pure awareness, untrammeled by the presence of the other.

* * * *

The Bible and Koran are not the only books on the shelf of history.
All are the mystery, but no one owns it; beware the people of one book.

* * * *

It took a few millennium, but the one-percenters eventually figured out that wages and salaries
Would keep them from having to bother about food, clothing, housing, medical, shackles,
And whatever else they had to pay out for slaves in history's ignoble playground.

* * * *

Is there even one cockroach that has ever once given a tinker's damn of a rat's ass
That its ancestors have been crawling about for 350 million-ish years?
History is a whimsical concoction of human consciousness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if you could experience them all, each and every one?
Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

History, history, history … science, science, science … inventors, inventors, inventors …
That's all we need: more researchers, more scientists, more engineers, more of everything,
Ceaselessly smothering us with more of what got us into this fine mess in the first place.

* * * *

History is chock-full of revolutionaries who courageously followed their inner vision.
Feel free to decline, to reject, to discard, the human paradigm, if you are so inclined.
There may well be many challenging consequences, but do you really have a choice?

* * * *

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

Soundbites

To live every moment fully, is the end of history.

* * * *

Few histories withstand the test of time; and even the most resilient, only a while longer.

* * * *

Time is a weight, historians happily bear.

* * * *

History evaporates as surely as any body of water in the hot-cold of dreamtime.

* * * *

History is more weed patch than garden.

* * * *

Historians will sort it out.

* * * *

What would human history be, if there truly was such a thing as love?

* * * *

You never know what banner history will take up next.

* * * *

Rotsa ruck with all the history bearing down upon you and your world.

* * * *

History is both chronicle and propaganda, to those for whom it is written.

* * * *

It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

Human history is full of horror; why would anyone believe the future exempt?

* * * *

So quickly forgotten; history is like that.

* * * *

How do we allow history to dictate our now?

* * * *

History is indifferent to all the actors it has killed.

* * * *

History only carries weight as long as imagination deigns it so.

* * * *

History is a long play chock-full of everything impromptu, often in need of editing.

* * * *

Death is the end of history, and all its future-pasts.

* * * *

Imagine all the history you will never know.

* * * *

History does not care what is written in its sandy pages.

* * * *

History is a perpetual fountain of curiosity.

* * * *

History is chock-full of idolatry.

* * * *

History is an orphan, history has no children.

* * * *

History stokes itself into every variety of mayhem.

* * * *

Another layer of sediment in the dustbin of history.

* * * *

History is the crockpot of imagination.

* * * *

Newspapers and magazines sketch history long before it reaches the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

All history boils down to vanity and greed, and the sea of desire and fear in which they tirelessly swim.

* * * *

Human beings so love history, so love tradition, that little or none is required to make them up.

* * * *

History is but a muddle of facts and lies melded into the means and ends in play.

* * * *

The right side of history beckons those who submit.

* * * *

History is a lie that weaves on and on, bending the minds of whoever gives it ear.

* * * *

History is tethered to imagination, and imagination is only as real as you imagine.

* * * *

History proves again and again how much, how little, blood ties can mean.

* * * *

Fate's alliance with death is in every history.

* * * *

The ghosts of philosophers haunt history with every concoction known to mind.

* * * *

History's remedy is to sooner or later forget everything.

* * * *

History is a poker player bluffing high stakes to all forced to sit at its table.

* * * *

History does not exist; why would it care about anything?

* * * *

History, history, and more mystery.

* * * *

History has managed to eventually forget everybody, so far, and no, you will be the exception.

* * * *

Human history is the albatross around the world's neck.

* * * *

You are the first and last historian in your dream.

* * * *

Is any history really more than propaganda to herd the tribe?

* * * *

History is the juggernaut of mind.

* * * *

History is an ever-morphing free-for-all locked in the whims of imagination.

* * * *

History's point and purpose is the continuity of imagination, and all the drama it entertains.

* * * *

Every death is the end of a piece of history.

* * * *

Some historians even become stories unto themselves.

* * * *

To which version of history were you referring?

* * * *

Parochial historian, worldly historian, way different.

Breadcrumbs

Could probably jot down just about anything I please,
In this, for-all-historical-impact-practical-purpose, largely unread manifesto.
Confess to every form of murder and mayhem, violation and pillage, I may, or may not, have done.
And more than likely, few, if any, would ever read or hear, much less imagine it.
And perchance they did, how many would not shrug their shoulders,
And quickly move on to the next scandalous headline,
In this absurd world full of horror galore.

* * * *

This soliloquy is as whole a metaphorical elephant, as this lingual frame of reference can muster.
I being but one of who-knows-how-many scribes expounding the greatest revelation.
Whose handiworks will persevere in the ever-shifting dunes of dreamtime,
Will perhaps be referenced as some future historian's footnote,
Or perhaps, stacked with other esoteric works, on some obscure bookshelf.
Assuming humankind even survives long enough for history to be available for viewing.

* * * *

A time history could never have anticipated.

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

We have an independent streak in this slice of the world,

That does not go well with being as bound to tradition and custom,
As the parts of the world that have thousands of years of history.
We started off with an empty slate, a tabula rasa, of sorts,
After we killed off or imprisoned the indigenous folk.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

With so little audience to mold my ways and means,
I can dam-the-torpedoes. say and do. whatever I friggin' please,
As often as I may choose, and in as many ways as I can darned-well imagine.
Whoever might wish to stop or contain me, is pretty much way too late.
Like it or no, history has me in its talons, to what end, I know not.
Nor do I care to do more than pipedream any and all ripples,
From complete and utter obscurity, to unending acclaim.
"Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." saith the Preacher.

* * * *

How fondly I remember those younger, much more innocent moments,
When it did not even occur to me to give a hoot of a rat's ass
What was happening in this dustball of a world,
When the headlines of historic events
Had yet to draw this wanderer's attention.
There is indeed an undeniable bliss in ignorance.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Will one day suffer the fate of all such works.
Such is the dustbin of history.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Merrit Hulst:
Without history, we are nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Even with history, we are nothing.

* * * *

Kurt Vonnegut:
History, read it and weep.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Weep? Bawl and whimper, is more like it.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

No Witness, No History

Michael's Rabbit Hole

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

What Choice?

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

The Same Mystery in All

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

What Will History Call It?

What will history call it?
The Great Reckoning
The Great Alignment
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent

The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

III

What is the Bible but a poorly organized history book, laced with smatterings of wisdom,
Certainly, no greater than any other so-called scripture scribed across this temporal orb.

V

These words are solely to dispel the delusion
That you truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately
Than history has thus far noted.

* * * *

He may have died for you and me,
But it might have been better for history
If he had, instead, lived a little longer for himself.
What meaningless, hollow vanity, martyrdom.

* * * *

History is whatever each of us thinks it is, and much of it, absurd hogwash.
Time always boils down to be here now, and enjoy or endure it as best ye may.

VI

Anyone claiming to be the key, the middleman to the answer.
Is setting you up for one of the best scams history ever devised.

VII

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

VIII

What irony that those history anoints worthy of note
Were so often callous liars, cheats, thieves and murderers,
Who used the coin of their realms to acquire a redeeming image.

* * * *

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered
What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

* * * *

Interesting how so many of our kind
So earnestly strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across time and space well know as the cause of many an absurdity.

XI

The competitive urge to survive, to thrive,
That enabled humanity's ascent across this garden orb
Now endangers it to the point of annihilation.
A history that will never be written.

XIV

In the current attempts to distinguish truth,
Knowledge, technology, history, in every arena
Offers serious spiritual inquiry a nearly endless field
In the way of metaphors, similes, analogies and parables.

XV

True religion is much more than regurgitating some historic dogmatic notion,
That is really no more real and true now than it was in the way-back-when.

XVI

In the realm of the inadvertent consequences of its historical emanation,
Humankind is not leaving itself much scope for viable engagement.
In current jargon, it is coined “painting yourself into a corner.”

XVII

Like the archer and the target, human consciousness
Has historically taken countless shots at discovering truth.
Their success ranges from bull’s eye to missing the mark entirely.
You alone must discern the aimlessness required.

XIX

Scholarly studies of the vain histories of this civilization or that
Seem to serve little purpose except to more efficiently expedite
Continuing degeneration of the diversity of life on this planet.

XX

History's subjugation of the eternal moment proves again and again
To be a virulent assault, an unending travesty, upon innocent minds.

XXI

We continuously delude ourselves believing that we learn anything from history,
Other than how to slay one another more efficiently in as many ways as possible.

XXII

As interesting as it may be,
History tends to twist and turn,
Even suffocate, any given present.

* * * *

If you accept time and space are not ultimately real,
Then history, whether personal or cultural,
Becomes less and less significant.
A sense of nowness, of timeless process,
Becomes much more weighted in your awareness.

XXIII

The argument that we would be nothing without history, Is so very, very true.

XXIV

Humanity is in the unyielding grip of an absurdity
Whose seeds were sewn in moments that no longer exist.
To be free, history and tradition must be given much less authority.

XXV

There are many concepts created by humanity
Which we mistakenly, historically, take as being from god.
Each must, with great discernment, dig into it without assumptions.

XXVI

History is replete with traditions
That have bound the unfolding present into many dilemmas
That succeeding generations must with great acumen unravel to function spontaneously.

XXVII

Living for tradition and ritual,
For what was said and done historically,
Is second-hand, repetitious, mundane and binding.

* * * *

Consciousness is consciousness.
All histories are ultimately fashioned
Of the same divine imaginary process.

XXVIII

Over and over again, history teaches lessons we are not adept enough to learn.

XXIX

All histories are stories that contain only the importance they are allotted.

* * * *

You can bet few have-nots have ever had much say
In how things work, or what is written in history books.

XXXII

The assertion you are important because of history,
Is ambitious mythology born of deluded imagination.

* * * *

Your aloneness is an unavoidable manifest fact,
One discernible in the human psyche
Through every point in history.
Its reconciliation is your eternal salvation.

XXXIII

To be concerned about history is the snare of time in mind.

XXXVIII

Inevitably, there will someday be one sole remaining human being.
The last of a genetic lineage, alone in consciousness.
Where then will all our vain history be?

XXXIX

History, herstory, their story, ourstory, all just stories, nonetheless.

XL

Those who seek historical immortality are paper ghosts.
Their glories rival only the empty space between the lines.

XLI

What can history say but that our vanity and greed got the better of us?

XLII

History is full of prophets, but what good is prophecy
If only a rare few can ever hear what is truly being said?

XLIII

This is the time, the era, the epoch, of humankind.
The briefest spontaneous opportunity
To play out manifest theater
In whatever way we will.
What wisdom will be gleaned
Is as yet unknowable at this reckoning,
History being generally scratched down after the fact.
The problem will likely be, of course, the dearth of writers and readers.

* * * *

The future of human consciousness
Is bound to the unfolding histories
In which each now finds its Self.

XLVI

How will the evolution of technology be viewed by the history it will reap?

XLVIII

The innocence of youth is quickly wiped away
By history's smiting, gnashing, crushing inertia.

XLIX

There is no tally on how many prophets history has long since forgotten.
The most famous are given great weight, but in reality, all are quite equal.

* * * *

Unencumber your Self of all notions of history.
Discern your true home in the homeless nature.

* * * *

The eternal wonder of Eden is staled by time-bound continuities,
Vain histories out of sync with eternity's dusty ethereal reality.

L

Mother Nature will not be pulling her punches,
And they will come in every way imaginable.
And we have no one to blame but ourselves,
And the paradigm of our competitive evolution.
There will be no escape, no direction but forward.
Every karmic seed of humanity's history will blossom,
As they have been sewn since we lost sight of the garden.

LI

If you were to examine the human drama closely,
How much of modern history focuses upon measurement in one form or another?
As if any stand in the indivisible indelibility of eternity.

* * * *

Someday all these vain histories will be left to the cockroaches.

* * * *

The argument that you are nothing without history
Only coats your mind with a sugary delusion,
Disguising the very real and ignored fact
That you are as much nothing with it.

* * * *

The vain histories of humanity
Are the chatter of geographical collusions,
Each proud and mighty in their own enticing delusion.

LII

How meaningless to live for a historical footnote.
Like footprints in sand, waves crashing all about.

LIII

All you believe seen, touched, smelled, tasted, heard,
Are the illusory tricks of Maya to entice you away
From innocence into the original separation.
The fruit of knowledge is set before you,
And the rest, we chronicle history.

LIV

Time casts each of us into a history in which all spontaneously participate
According to the endless patterns dictated by the conditioning we call free will.

* * * *

How ironic that the ones who see
The interconnectedness of all manifestation
Have been ignored, derided, destroyed, or worshipped
Throughout history by the many who cannot.

LV

To some collusion might be applauded
As a group effort, to others a conspiracy.
From such views many histories are written.

* * * *

History's patterns have forever repeated themselves
Because human consciousness is as it has been
Since long before the written word was first cast in stone.
And the likelihood that it will ever shift radically is a big fat no way.

LVI

How firmly bound any given group becomes within its collusion.
The rules of the game: how to dress, speak, eat; what to say, what not to say;
Who to talk to, who not to talk to … et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum.
The scrolls of dogmatic vanity cram the pages of history.

* * * *

It would be a much more pleasant world
If we would treat each other a little more kindly,
If we would be a bit less insecure in this mortal theater.
But at this time's scribing, as in the times of the first thoughts,
Humanity's evolutionary tack has not been of that benign a nature.
We seem at this point ignorantly resigned to a difficult lesson,
From which only history will glean the trial and tribulation.

* * * *

You do not need all the details of human history
To extrapolate the gist of its probable direction.

LVII

What is history but a historian's reverie?

LVIII

The cockroaches will dance upon our grandest tombs
With nary a thought of historical meaning or purpose.

* * * *

Look to the sins of humanity's passing to discern your plight,
And the paradigm necessary to continue your seed line.
Learn the errors of history, or fade into the oblivion
Much sooner than time's dream need allow.

* * * *

Current events are never truly current,
Merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
History creates the dream, and the freedom nowness allows
Is ignored by the masses so easily hypnotized
By time's countless sideshows.

* * * *

There is no discussing any subject
With someone who cannot investigate
Their myriad assumptions dispassionately.
They cite historical texts, experts and collectives,
Shield themselves with fearful, convincing persuasion,
And self-righteously judge all those who would dare question
Until negation sifts every doubt imagination might pose.

* * * *

Too many people, too many technologies,
Governments, corporations, bureaucrats, tourists,
Religions, cities, prisons, deforested hills, cultivated valleys,
Chemicals, weapons, trash piles, tainted water, domesticated animals,
False differences, vain histories, mountains of false gold, self-absorbed dreams.
A species hell-bent on a sure road to perdition and extinction beyond.

LX

It is the scribe's enjoyment of wordplay,
A penchant for solitude, and the play of history,
That has brought to this dream these many thoughts.
What mongrel does not want to leave its mark?

* * * *

The masses are so easily mesmerized by the delusions history feeds them.

LXI

Every game has an opening, every story an ending,
And the middle is all the fictions told by historians who survive,
Or come along later, and examine and speculate the shards remaining.

LXII

We are all sucked into the vortex of history's future-past.

LXIII

When history is no longer written solely by the victorious,
Its many lessons can be witnessed in more a relative light.

* * * *

The currents of creation,
Of history and its unfolding future,
Is a grand immaculate, dynamic dreaming,
Playing out in an immeasurable garden of mystery,
Witnessed in countless ways by every conceivable life form,
In every now the mirage of space and time will allow.

* * * *

Hold fast to awareness; stay ahead of history.

LXIV

History is only as necessary as you choose to make it.

LXV

True historians would use their knowledge of time to sidestep its destructive patterns.

LXVI

Second-guessing history is a good way to prove you probably would not do much better.

LXVII

Who knows what history will make of you, if anything.

LXVIII

History has its ways of showing us there is no solution.

LXIX

Like any river, history can move from trickle to roar very quickly.

LXX

So many lessons of history fall upon so many deaf ears.

* * * *

Is any version of history more than rumor or conjecture?

* * * *

You cannot exist in a vacuum, so poof!
Creation, evolution, consciousness, history.
And here you are exploring the mystery of you.

LXXI

The upshot of history is the parable of the Titanic.

* * * *

Like it or not, all abide in one niche or another.
Choices are as wide or narrow as the given nature-nurture.
Though many may long, may aspire, for more, most are but bit players,
Never achieving a slot on any of history's many timelines.

LXII

You are a context in history's weaving; we are all the pawns of time.

* * * *

Neither sage nor the fool has need of history.

LXXIII

You can only conceive the wagon track behind.
The road ahead is history's time-bound projection,
Inevitable only to those who dare not change direction.

* * * *

Those who cannot care for themselves, protect themselves,
Who are dependent upon others for food and security,
Eventually fade from the river of known history.

* * * *

Move beyond all the conditioning, all the habituation, all the taming,
Of the many indoctrinations, the many propagandas, inspired by imagination.
Any given history is but a collusion of patterned minds bound in time.

LXXV

History is full of extinct peoples whose fate played out.

LXXVI

The play of time, of cause and effect, creates a history all but concluded.

* * * *

History is a collage of fiction.

* * * *

Examine any event through all eyes present, and there will be as many views of its history.

LXXVII

History has done many things with its mystical writings and writers.
It would be interesting to see how the spin-doctors twist this collage.

* * * *

Faster! Faster! History is catching up with us.

LXXXI

Who writes history? The victors, the scholars, the survivors.

* * * *

How hard do you work to fit into some perception of history?

LXXXII

History requires a witness.

* * * *

What was transcribed poorly?
What was not recorded?
What was mislaid?
What was forgotten?
What was edited out?
What was added later?
What is history, anyway?

LXXXIII

Imagine history through the eyes of every witness imaginable.

LXXXIV

Last man standing stands alone; historical curiosity, how he gets there.

* * * *

Burst through the imaginary bubble of history.

* * * *

You looking to be a piece of history?

* * * *

History must be understood through its context, not the historian's.

LXXXV

All history is relative to the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

The bother with there being so much history,
So much arbitrary knowledge, tradition, and ritual
Is all the splintering born of comparison and repetition.
What is new to you is nothing to the sun.

LXXXVI

The Christian claim that Jesus died that you might live, is true,
Only in that history has played out in such a way,
That your parents met, merged seeds,
And here, voila, you are.

* * * *

Without every point of the history of all creation ever manifested,
Including every ecstasy, every agony, you would not be here now.

LXXXVII

In history's annals, assuming the species survives it,
This period will be painted as a dark and reckless time.

* * * *

History has always been written and read by those who seek to know
Who-what-where-when-why-how the world is the way it is,
Those beguiled by the play of their imagination.

XC

Never trust any historian to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

* * * *

History, long as it seems, is really quite transitory.

XCI

How attached so many to their suffering, to all their imagined histories.

XCIII

The whole of human history is but an imaginary tale.

XCIV

Where do you stand in the historical context?

XCVI

All history is but illusion.

* * * *

Do you shape history? It you? Both? Or neither?

XCVII

How many attributes does history spin in its imaginary vortex?

* * * *

History is played out in the moment.

* * * *

What an assumption history is.

XCVIII

History shows again and again that anything can be forgotten.

C

To associate these thoughts
With any particular era of history
Might well miss their pointless nature.

CII

Fascinating how so many utterly savage conquerors
Get such good reviews when histories are written
By those who their passing favorably inclines.

* * * *

History is always just a few neurons from dissolution.

CIII

History is full of rocky roads and paved mountains.

CIV

History paints so many colors, gray, and grays, colors.

CVI

A place in history offers great delusion.

CVII

History will soon forget you.

* * * *

Pawns are blessed to be of little importance.
Kings, queens, and their myriad minions,
Are deluded by the echoes of history.

CVIII

The mind in time is both creator and eraser of history.

CIX

History cannot always be on the up and up; it is a statistical wavelength thing.

CX

How far will humanity's manipulations of stardust go?
All is conjecture at this time's writing, but history's future will no doubt remember,
Until comes the reckoning of all time's forgetting.

CXI

In reality, history has never been more than a short-term proposition.

CXII

In memory all things twist and turn and turn and twist.
Time's passing sees histories change in so many ways
Whose version of any event can ever be known fully?

* * * *

Beneath the timeline of those remembered in human history,
Are buried the anonymous masses who made everything possible.

CXIII

Whoever invented time was the first historian.

CXIV

Is history any more than personal vanity on a larger scale?

* * * *

To take human history, and project it into the future, is not a pretty sight.

* * * *

When you were a child, you did not give diddly-squat
What anyone thought, and history was not near the burden it is now.
How naturally sovereign you were, until the conditioning began to restrain its beingness.

CXV

If the history of the universe is in any way an accurate indication,
The human experiment in free will appears doomed to a quick exit.

CXVI

History has few students able to comprehend the infinite nature of its illusory context.

* * * *

How many times in its brief history has the church we call science
Proven itself to be just as dogmatic and narrow-minded
As what Galileo faced in the church of his day?
Why is it so difficult for so many scientists
To understand their theories are merely
Works in progress, not security blankets.
That we are never ever really going to be sure
Of very many things in this incredible mystery theater,
And that science has ever only been tinkering with limited data.

CXVII

By the time however many read these many thoughts down the pike,
The scribe will at best be just another equivocal name lost in history's foggy duration.
Why he did not just shut up and stop scribing, was as curious to him,
As it may well be to myriad across-the-board others.

CXIX

Cycles within cycles within cycles
Ebb and flow, rise and fall, crest and dip,
And you, witness to their histories
And projected futures.

* * * *

Expand your conception of history until it includes,
And transcends, the before and after of all creation.

CXX

How can the mind of an infant be anything but ever-present?
When its future-past has many moons hence to be imagined.

* * * *

A world nearly filled to capacity with meaningless bean counting.
How much data does history need to see the disaster looming ahead?

* * * *

Easter Island is proof enough
That history has no dearth of anecdotes
About how foolish human beings have always been.

* * * *

So many people so oblivious, so ignorant, so foolish, about history.

CXXVI

This time, too, will be looked back on
As being full of ignorance and superstition.
History has the pedantic luxury of 20/20 hindsight.
Rarely, however, are such insights seen acutely enough
To augment and clarify the confusion of the unfolding present.
Humanity learns so little from history that it would as well be ignored.

* * * *

Are we in the new dark ages yet? By what idiom shall history call it?

* * * *

Is human history really much more,
Than the seemingly never-ending repetition,
Of the ravenousness mayhem of assault and pillage?
It is patterns, not history, that ceaselessly repeat themselves.

CXXVI

What wordsmiths we have become; so much history to play with.

* * * *

What a unique point in human history we are traveling.
You will play whatever your future-past draws out of you.

CXXVIII

Unlikely as it may be in your own, because they want it as their history, it is so.

* * * *

How history will look upon last few centuries, is a book you will never read.

* * * *

Once you comprehend physics, the rest is history.

* * * *

History is already written, and long since forgotten.

* * * *

Try doubting your version of history; it likely is not the way you believe, anyway.

CXXIX

What makes you believe your version of history
Is anything more than a random hodgepodge?

* * * *

History notes many instances of what risks messengers of truth hazard.

CXXXI

Another one for the history books, bulky and unread as they may be.

* * * *

History requires your presence.

CXXXIII

If you are at all attached to the history of any concept, then, yes, we are different.

CXXXIV

History need not be a taskmaster.

* * * *

How many ways history can be written.

CXXXVI

History generally does not matter much
To those who do not know or understand it,
Or know and understand it all too well.

* * * *

Be wary of those who manipulate history to their own ends.

CXXXVII

Be cautious about modern interpretations of historical contexts.

CXXXVIII

The oppression of the Greeks, the Romans,
Of all the many histories born of mind,
Daily plays its burdensome game.

CXXXIX

The way you view the world depends
Into which geography, into which history,
Your nature-nurture has been raised.

CXL

Histories come and go, and go and come,
As time is created and remembered and forgotten.
Consciousness is such a fickle player.

CXLII

History has a curious tendency
To be edited and rewritten and forgotten
Over and over and over again in the course of time.

* * * *

Can humanity ever get control of its wayward dream?
Only time will tell, but not without an exodus
Though countless nightmarish histories yet to come.
The play of awareness has much in store for the manifest dream.

CXLIII

Where else can history exist but your mind?

* * * *

Study enough history to discern that it does not truly exist,
But for the imaginative collusion of those who cling to time.

* * * *

History is a debt for which the future pays in many ways.

CXLIV

History does not really exist; it is nothing more than imagination.

CXLVII

History is but one breath passed to the next.

CXLVIII

History is just a big game of telephone.

CLIII

History is so quickly forgotten.

* * * *

Another footnote in history's imaginary reality.

* * * *

History is twisted to so many ends.

CLIV

What a load of crap the propaganda of history so often feeds the masses.

* * * *

History has a way of catching up with the visionaries.

ClV

Without history we might be what we really are.

CLVI

Any state's law is the law of will,
Shaped by the twists and turns,
The precedents of the shared history.
What is morality but the assumed collusion.

CLVIII

Without history, you are what you are.

CLX

Obesity on a scale never seen in human history.

CLXI

Oral histories about this scribe
Would not inspire any sense of sainthood.
Angel to some, demon to many more.
Well-traveled in a full medley
Of heavens and hells.

* * * *

History shapes what will be perceived tomorrow.

CLXIII

Manifest schemes ripple into history.

CLXIV

How challenging for the mind not to have an eye on history.

* * * *

From whose perspective is any history written,
But a vague perception of a set of vague perceptions?
Dreams all, no matter the view or inclination.

* * * *

History is all the perceptions that have brought life to this point in time.

* * * *

There are as many versions of history as there are eyes to witness it.

CLXVI

The history we will never even begin to know
Has shaped our present in ways we cannot evade.
We are all the sum of time's mysterious, illusionary reality.

CLXVII

Are we creating history? Or is history creating us?

CLXIX

History has a way of making things happen.

* * * *

History is a very personal relationship with illusion.

CLXX

Humanity's violent club has grown with technology
To a point undreamed of in prior history,
Yet what is there to learn
But that its destructive capability
Is equally devastating to whoever wields it.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would you be without history?

* * * *

Just because someone did something horrific to one of your ancestors
Does not mean you must exact revenge upon the descendants.
Do not be burdened by the whims of historical nonsense.

CLXXIII

Always interesting how any given history changes over time.

* * * *

So many toying with history as if it matters.

CLXXVI

If they realized how they were being tracked and manipulated,
How would they react? What would they say and do?
Look to history for your answer, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Step back from the windswept crest, and celebrate what time remains,
With a resurgence of sanity all but lost in history's present unfolding.

* * * *

Depends which version of history to which you subscribe.

CLXXVII

The intention herein is to loosen the grasp
History has upon consciousness.
To free the mind so that it may deal directly
With the immediate day-to-day eternally unfolding now.

CLXXIX

Those who are bound to history
Will ever battle with an ancient club.
The only remedy is to forget everything.

* * * *

Funny how even just a few moments of history consume some people.

CLXXX

History is a token resistance to eternity.

CLXXXI

Is any history really more than a fairy tale?

* * * *

History has the advantage in that children will generally believe whatever they are told.

CLXXXIII

Nature's way is that the adaptable carry on.
Humanity's defiance of that manifest law,
The pride which infects every aspect,
Steers it toward inevitable destruction.
What will the survivors learn from history?

* * * *

Why feel any obligation to manifest any particular way?
Fools are not bound by any history, including their own.

* * * *

Truth requires no history.

* * * *

Too many vain histories colliding for there to be peaceful resolution.

* * * *

History only seems real because we are taught to believe what historians have written.

CLXXXV

The history built of time by senses and minds is the dream we call life,
And the theater within which we synergistically play out
Whatever the collective imagination wills.

CLXXXVI

Though history grips the human drama, it need not be your personal burden.

CLXXXVII

Fake brick does not for historic monuments make.

CLXXXVIII

All happens because you think it happens.
History is merely the sport of consciousness.

CLICI

History is filled with butchers
Who paint themselves as heroes and gods,
And annihilate any who dare question their megalomania.

CLICII

History shows us again and again the limitations of the human potential.

* * * *

We are keen on history, real or imagined.

CLICIV

The future must always play out history's karma.
It is the cause and effect of time's illusionary reality.

* * * *

The future-past must always play out the history coming its way.

CLICV

Do you realize how often
You use a history you do not really know
To rationalize an existence you have no need to justify.

CLICVI

History is only as accurate as the vision, and intent, of those who chronicle.

* * * *

History's attempts to create a lasting set of rules
Illustrates again and again there are really none.

CLICVII

The truths and lies of history are left for time to distill.

* * * *

History kaleidoscopes each and every moment
Individually, collectively, infinitesimally, infinitely.
No stone is left unturned in the annuals of time.

CLICIX

Key historical moments are like punctuation.
They demark endings and beginnings in the affairs of consciousness.
Time, of course, carries on with nary a shrug.

CC

Whatever history says or do not say of mystic scribes, their thoughts chime true.

CCI

History is the fabrication of words, and words are the smoke of time.

* * * *

Children see the unfolding moment clearly, until their minds are muddied by history.

CCIII

History is just a long play.

CCIV

The advantage any given generation has over history is anonymity.

CCV

One need not know a great deal about history to see the direction it is headed.

* * * *

History evaporates in the moment.

* * * *

No one will ever explain completely or accurately
How the history of the universe, the world, the human species,
Or any individual came to be at this moment in time.
It is all the speculation of ignorance
Pretending to know.

* * * *

History is a many-layered onion.

CCVI

You need not appease history,
For it is the dominion of the dead,
And you, it seems, are still breathing.

* * * *

History is so much poof.

CCX

History's divisiveness and rancor offers little peace.

CCXI

How little room we have left ourselves to maneuver gracefully.
We have created all these problems, all these horrors,
And the only way at all feasible to solve them
Is to discern, and shift, into a paradigm
In which all history and personal want is set aside.

* * * *

Do not overly burden the mind
With all you may or may not have done.
History is intellectually and emotionally absorbing,
But ultimately does not really matter.

CCXII

Historian, scientist, teacher,
Anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
King, warrior, merchant, peasant, holy man, sprite, beast,
Philosopher, curmudgeon, jester, drunken fool,
Mystic, oracle, harbinger, hierophant.

* * * *

You need not collude with any history.

CCXIII

So vain as to have sought a place in history.

* * * *

History is such a temporary, quickly forgotten thing.

* * * *

This interlude you identify as your life,
This dreamy history to which you are so attached,
Is nothing but fantasy; baggage imprinted upon the synapses.
We are all absorbed in our bubbles of imagination.
Even those who seem selfless are driven
By the deception of the senses,
And the desire into which they feed.

* * * *

How many histories have ended with a last wheezing breath?

* * * *

Death's gift to all histories is complete and utter annihilation.

* * * *

Why do we corrupt the young
With the tyranny of useless, vain histories,
Which serve little more than to create division and rancor?

* * * *

These thoughts are left without the burden of a personality
About which to create vain, useless, absurd assertions.
Just another drop drifting down the river of history.

* * * *

Every nuance of life changes constantly.
The challenge is letting them all go.
History need not bind you.

CCXIX

Long after the human species goes extinct,
The diverse inertia of the life force of Eden
Will play out the changing nature of illusion
As it did long before this brief history of time.

CCXXI

History, herstory, ourstory, mystory, yourstory, whosestory?

* * * *

How many towers of babble-on hath history wrought?

* * * *

Rarely is history taught without agenda.

CCXXII

Do we need the flaws of heroes history subjects us to?

* * * *

History is a fleeting proposition.

CCXXIII

How much history will we carry before it topples us?

* * * *

The human inherent urge toward conflict is the precipitator of history's dervish whirl.

CCXXVII

Throughout human history, in every geography,
Seers of truth have often been persecuted
For the mistaken, idealistic assumption,
That others will be at all interested
In seeing the mystery as clearly as they.

* * * *

It is the nature of history for all things to eventually be forgotten.

CCXXIX

What is history but selective, vague memories.

CCXXX

The powerful forces of nature:
Earthquakes, tornados, hurricanes, lightning,
Do not need to vainly boast, nor maintain idolizing histories
Of their influence upon the course of this planet.

* * * *

The maps of history are drawn and redrawn again,
As suits those who endure, and those who rule them.

* * * *

Imagination projects every possible future
For this illusionary garden world.
Which will come to pass,
Only history knows.

CCXXXII

Between the lines of any given history
Are many lingering uncertainties,
About what really happened.

CCXXXIV

Human history has typically had predictability as its favored bedfellow,
But if consciousness ever fathoms a true paradigm shift,
Now that might well be worth writing about.

CCXXXVI

The mindsets are hatched, and the rest of human history will be their unfolding confusion.

CCXXXVII

History is but an often-tawdry burp within the infinity of totality's mirage.

* * * *

History entices many onto the shoals of immortal pretense.

* * * *

No history is necessary to perceive the innate veracity of the ultimate nature.

CCXXXVIII

One wonders how many historical figures
You would be partial to, support or follow
If you actually met and listened to them.

CCXXXIX

History is an imaginary anchor in an eternal quantum illusion
That perceives neither space nor time nor beginning nor end.

* * * *

All history is based on whatever happens right now.
Decisions are based on habit, and habits are subject to change.
Nothing need stay the same bur for one's attachment
To the empty security of the mind's vanity.

* * * *

You perceive me, and I you,
And together we create a new moment.
Within the bounds of whatever has brewed before,
History will continue to weave the moment our synergy provokes.

* * * *

From the moment any sound is expressed, any event is experienced,
It undergoes a translation within the mind of the perceiver.
Who knows what human history would be
If so much was not altered in those translations.

* * * *

Whether or not we know its currents, we all yield to the rip tides of history.

CCXL

Without a sense of history, culture declines, chaos ensues,
Until a new order amalgamates, and a new page unfurls.

CCXLI

Suspend all sense of history, all imaginings born of time,
And you will discern why childhood seemed so eternal,
And adulthood so burdened by the delusions of mind.

CCXLII

The fog of history's unfolding is an ever-present theater.
Consciousness is imploding upon its creation,
And the only question for the future is:
Will whatever remains be pathetic or profound?

* * * *

History continues to reiterate itself because patterns of limitation are not readily changed.

* * * *

Even those who know it well,
Must inevitably repeat the follies
Punctuating any given history.

* * * *

History is the flux of the moment's unfolding.

CCXLIII

From any given beginning, to any given end,
All history is nothing more than a temporary assumption
Born of the drive of consciousness to be more than it can ever be.

* * * *

A fair portion of any given history is always lingering between the lines.

CCXLIV

Eternal life is not subject to any history,
Tradition, ritual, symbol, or time-bound façade, whatsoever.
It is the awareness prior to any conscious design,
Prior to any pretense of separation.

* * * *

What history really teaches is to take nothing for granted.

* * * *

History is taking us all on a wild, crazy ride.
A roller coaster on a track that is shaking loose
On a structure that is buckling at the seams.

* * * *

History is but the foggy vapor of imagination.

CCXLV

A lone pause, a lone comma, offered up to history's latest pages.

* * * *

Grasp what is between the lines
Of any religion or philosophy
In any geography throughout history,
And discern for your Self the truth and lie in all.

CCXLVI

What does history teach us but that we are very forgetful.

* * * *

History is yet another form of idolatry.

CCXLVII

History will regard this piecemeal treatise as it does all revolutionary attempts.
Sometimes embraced, sometimes condemned, sometimes forgotten.
It all depends what minds of the time are capable of seeing,
And the changes they may be inspired to make.

CCL

History is testament to hell on earth.

* * * *

History will consume you if you let it.

* * * *

No individual or group changes the course of history.
All merely play out their relatively insignificant part
In its already-written-in the-sands-of-time chronicle.

CCLI

History often seems to confuse or bother or bore the restless multitudes.

* * * *

The butterfly wing casts a small ripple into the wind.
The stonemason's pick vibrates through the mountain.
History is given subtle nudges by the whispers of sages.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and history is creator of its future-past.

CCLII

The lines have been drawn and redrawn throughout history.
About time we saw the unfathomably arbitrary nature of it all.

CCLIII

A historian, when there are few left to contemplate the question,
Might declare in some who knows how far or not far future,
"With the ascent of any species, a fall is inevitable.
What elements play a part, however, are uniquely based
On the inestimable permutations of space-time that are involved.
Humankind's situation is all the more intriguing because so many decisions
Are consciously, intentionally, rather than instinctually, fashioned."
After all, at some point in the cursory play of space-time,
When there are none remaining to ponder
And record their conclusions,
Where history ends can only be speculated.

* * * *

Humankind daily allows tribal histories to color its worldview.
Maybe it is time to take a very long, solitary walkabout,
To observe for your Self what is really going on.

* * * *

The end of the story is the end of history.

* * * *

History: Read it and weep.

CCLIV

So many trying so vainly to make their mark in the chronicles of one history or another,
In a universe where even the greatest star must one day evaporate forever forgotten.

* * * *

At core, it is not necessary to hold on to any sense of history, personal or otherwise.
No one can force you to participate in this dream without your voluntary subscription.

CCLV

History has a way of forgetting itself.

* * * *

As interesting as it can be, history inevitably weighs down the present.

* * * *

Any given is history is but a temporary game;
Meaningful only as long as the collusion endures.

* * * *

What is any history but the fog of perception.

CCLVI

Those who would lead must always beware the mob's wrath.
History has many a way of making sudden twists and turns.

* * * *

Contrary to common assumption, you do not need to be weighted down by history.
What is more necessary is the courage to live intuitively in the moment.
You do not need to always carry the fabricated baggage
Of personal identity and the arbitrary culture in which it is swathed.

CCLVII

The rich and powerful may believe it is they who steer history,
But it is the masses upon which their vain notions ebb and flow.

* * * *

Of what real significance is it to have your name set down in the annals of history?

* * * *

The difference between history and news and gossip is but a few slivers of degree.

* * * *

History will ever be lost and forgotten in the fog of time and space.

* * * *

History is an ever-flowing treat for those who have the inclination
To poke about in the imaginary sandbox of geography and time.

* * * *

History buries all.

* * * *

Another historical nugget to be buried and forgotten.

* * * *

History is but the relative perspective
Of every variety of geographical creation,
And the myriad cultures they inspire.

* * * *

History has proven over and over again that anything can be usurped.

CCLIX

Time writes all histories, time erases all histories.

* * * *

Never trust history to tell you the truth.

* * * *

No history can never be more than a story.

CCLX

Those claiming they are Jesus or Buddha or Elvis are obviously delusional.
However, whoever any historical or anonymous personas were or will be,
All are all seeds playing out different nows of the same quantum origin.

* * * *

History is everywhere and nowhere.

* * * *

History is relative to every eye that discerns it.

CCLXII

The burden of history grows daily greater.

CCLXIII

History shows us the confusing results of even the best intentions.

* * * *

The atoms scientists keep splitting
Into smaller and smaller bits of nothingness,
Is it not clearly obvious that they, too, are really you?
Has not science proven many times beyond a reasonable doubt,
That which, in its early history, it so rationally doubted?
There is, indeed, a god, and it includes you.

CCLXIV

Be aware of history in such a manner as not to be weighed down by it.

* * * *

Any history is often devised from of a very dubious collection of random perceptions.

* * * *

Martyrdom can be a very harsh way to get remembered in the history books.

* * * *

What an insufferable load of silliness history has dealt you.
What would it have been like to be out alone in the wild,
Earth and wind and fire and water your only teachers.

CCLXV

Some do learn from history.

* * * *

Of any history, it can be said that was their now; this is ours.

* * * *

Enjoy history, but do not let it weigh you down.

* * * *

To be mesmerized by any history
Runs the risk of becoming a harbor
Of a limited, delusionary recording.

CCLXVI

With or without history and its many forces,
You are ever the same everything and nothing.

* * * *

So much history before all the history we think we know.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what you freely consent.

CCLXVIII

Any history is only as accurate and enduring
As minds that lend themselves to its recollection.

CCLXIX

The most valuable lessons any historical even has to offer,
Can be challenging to perceive and fathom deeply,
And are all too often quickly forgotten, anyway.

* * * *

History does not care.

CCLXX

History is moving rapidly
Towards an epoch of realignment
Between humankind and the natural world
To which it has always been linked,
Despite all its vain notions.

* * * *

The articulation of any given history,
Is but a temporal fabrication of consciousness,
In which every human mind wallows.

* * * *

History has killed many of your sort.

CCLXXI

Any history is only as real as the memory allotted.

* * * *

History comes, history goes, but the passions are ever the same.

CCLXXII

History is written by whoever takes the time to write it down,
And even then, it only contains whatever vision
The writer is capable of discerning.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

CCLXXIII

Many if not most are relatively naive about how the so-called civilized world works.
If they are very fortunate, they have benign leaders who function in their best interest.
If not, well, history as more than a few sagas of the myriad ways power can be abused.

CCLXXIV

Those with a penchant to wonder at history's unfolding
Can only speculate whether the very young and those yet unborn
Will continue to withstand the same avaricious paradigm
That catapulted them into a dystopian Eden.

CCLXXV

The historical context in which consciousness streams is an ever-changing epoch,
Born of imagination's delusion of free will and its boundless array of dualistic notions.
The irony is that the human drama could have played out an entirely different paradigm
Had it been capable of restraining its me-myself-I avarice for the insatiable more.

* * * *

Every moment, history unfolds for as long as it is remembered.

CCLXXVI

History is a never-ending maze.

* * * *

To break with history, with the chains of time, is the only true freedom.

CCLXXVIII

Is it even possible for any history to ever be exactly written?

* * * *

Histories often whitewash truth, and even more often wash it away completely.

CCLXXXI

Endless growth is a tenuous assumption
To statisticians, historians, anthropologists,
Or anyone with a lick of common sense.

* * * *

Forget history, this is it, right here, right now.

* * * *

How is it that politicians do not seem to have gleaned anything
From so many historical attempts to deny the masses
Their innumerable hedonistic pleasures?
Make something illegal
And the resulting black markets
Can, indeed, quickly become dark, toxic webs,
To those harboring little ill will, to those least deserving harm.

CCLXXXIII

What a mockery of accuracy
Hollywoods, Bollywoods, Broadways, and other entertainments,
So often make of history.

* * * *

Windows of time watching history unfold.

CCLXXXV

History is the version that rises from the fray.

CCLXXXVI

Yes, being no to some, and no, yes to others, pretty much sums up the course of history.

CCLXXXIX

Any history is only as enduring as those who choose to remember it.

CCXC

Jesus, and the cross onto which he has too many times been carved,
Should have long ago been placed in the "Dustbin of History" column.

* * * *

What course might history have wandered had wisdom instead of greed taken lead?

CCXCI

The larger picture of history's unfolding is not a pretty sight,
And daily more removed from any redemption
Other than a sure road to collapse
And dystopian ruin.

CCXCII

The history within any given mind is no more than a vague, arbitrary, temporal notion.

CCXCV

Into the dustbin of history, all things forever dissolve.

CCXCVI

You may well be happy beneficiary, or hapless victim,
Of all that history has brought forth in the human paradigm.
Enjoy the entitlements, endure the consequences.
They are ultimately very much the same.

CCXCVII

History has toyed with you.
Feel free to twiddle back.

* * * *

What will the future do when everything history has conceived no longer makes muster?

CCXCIX

History is written upon the untold tales of many a harsh fate.

Thucydides and George Orwell

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides, History of the Peloponnesian War

* * * *

All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

George Orwell, Animal Farm

* * * *

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Thucydides

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.